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The
Immortalizing of Texas
— and —
Other Sketches

BY

LOUIS V. HARVEY

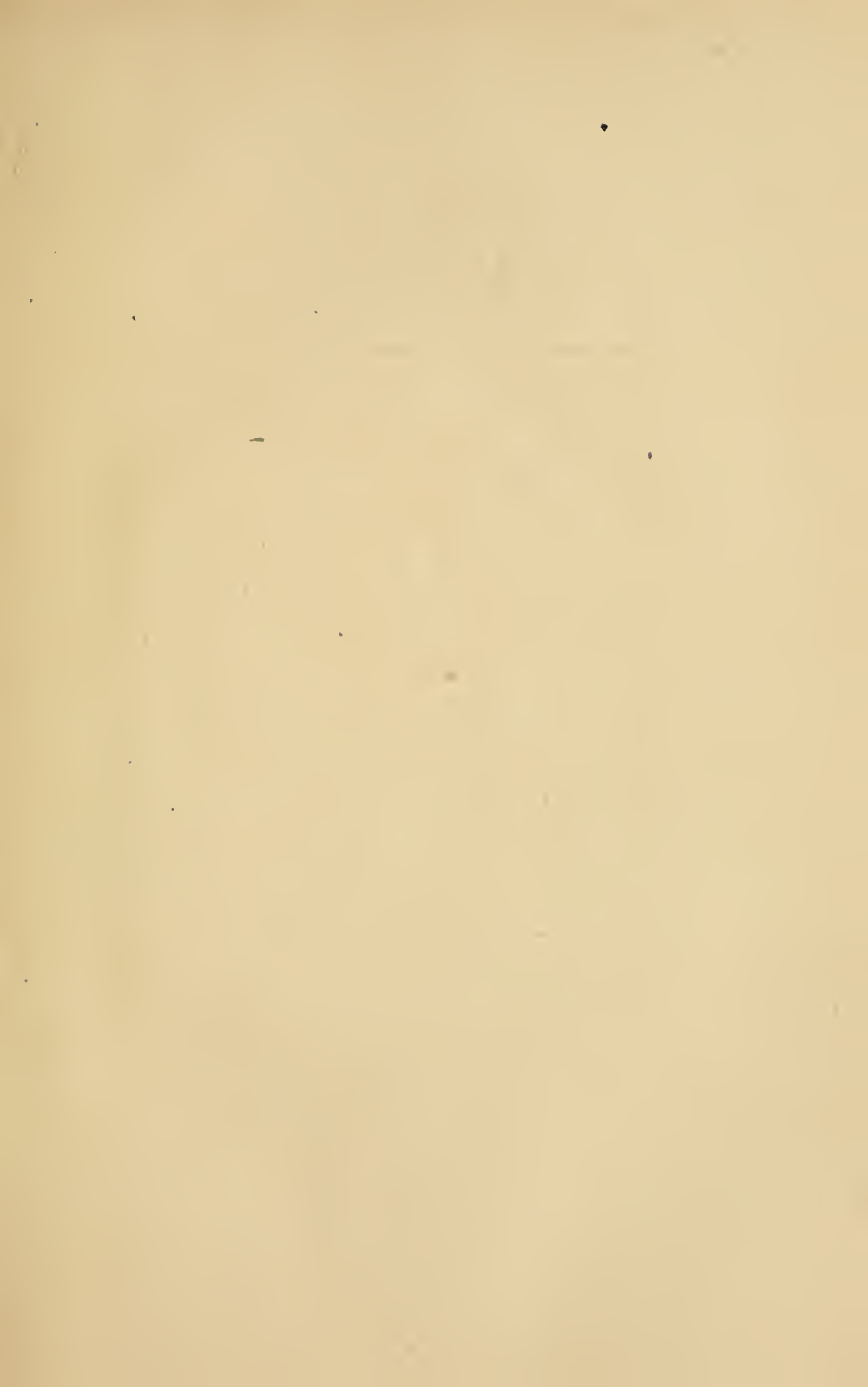


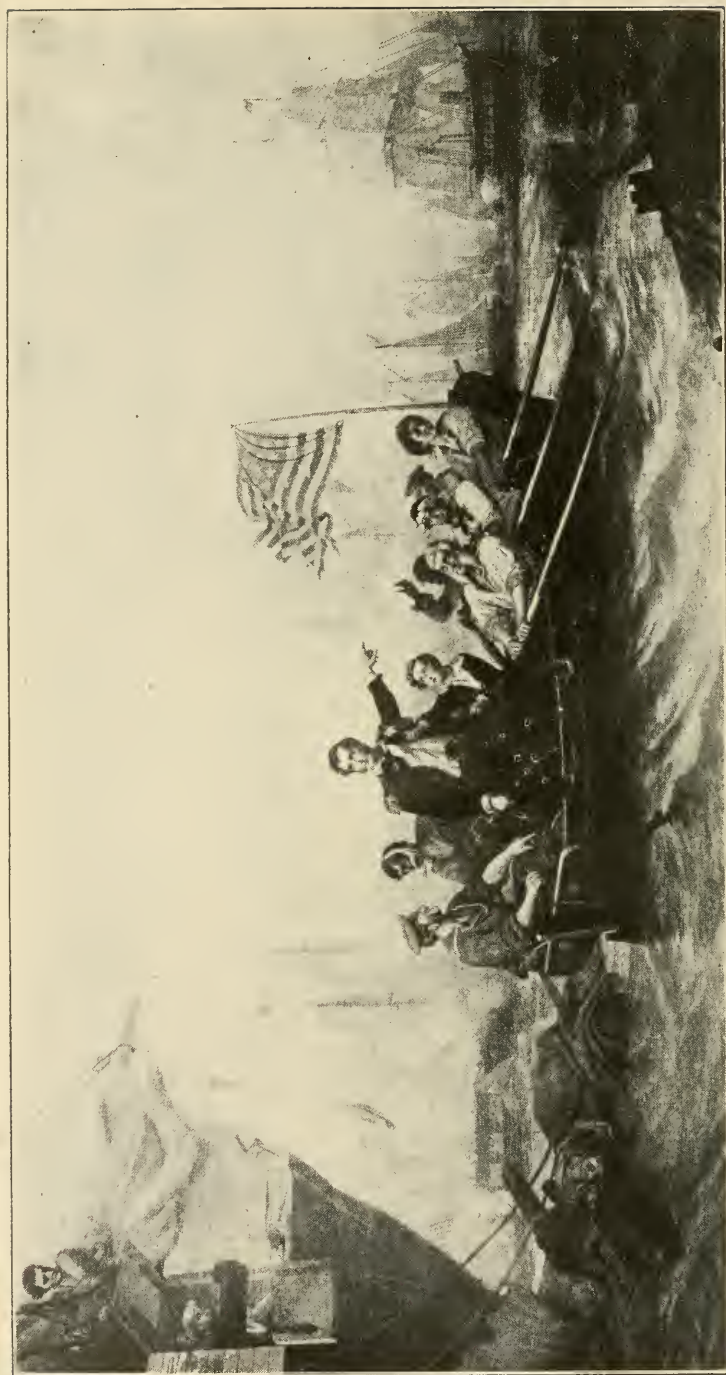
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"SHOT AND SHELL FAIRLY RAINED AROUND PERRY AND HIS BRAVE SEAMEN." — Page 69.

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LOUIS V. HARVEY



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LOUIS V. HARVEY.

The Immortalizing of "Texas."

CHAPTER I.

IT was back in the early 1900's when Behrens—"Andy" Behrens, for short, allowing for dignity—attended art school at Chicago, the metropolis of the West. Now Andy was a prominent fellow at home—at least that's what Pa and Ma Behrens maintained, as was perfectly natural, and they had their reasons (?). Hadn't Andy graduated from the high school in his eighteenth year?—and that was going some!—Hadn't he clerked in Skinner & Dunberg's store two and a half years and learned the "art preservative", besides singing in the Baptist choir at Jonesville?

So you see Andy was not so slow. Laying aside all punning we will say he had one talent that was far ahead of his other qualities, viz., he was a *cartoonist*. Now down in Jonesville, people who could draw were a rarity—we might almost say oddity—and God knows Andy was odd enough. Suffice it to say that every man, woman and child in the vicinity knew about that; also knew that such cartoons as Andy Behrens drew couldn't be found outside of picture-galleries:—consequently all decided he would have to be an artist. Some illiterate people even insinuated that when he was born a lead pencil was found in the little red hand, but old Doctor Armstron, who had officiated upon that occasion,

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scowled when the subject was broached, closed his left peeper, sent a torrent of tobacco juice into the gutter, but said nothing, which behavior on his part might have signified something good, then again it mightn't.

By dint of industry young Behrens had learned the art of printing, or as much of it as the limited facilities of the *Jonesville Gazette* would allow, and in time became a valued asset of the office. After a year's painstaking pedagogy Editor Squibbs was wont to elucidate on the merits of his trusty apprentice, but really, he should have known better. He should have known that an apprenticeship of one year was a parody on the art; also that his pupil's hat would at once become several sizes too small—and the pity of it!

But, as I said, Squibbs foolishly continued to elucidate with an asinine pleasure, and thereby hangs this tale.

Jonesville (insignificant burg) wasn't so far off the map but that occasionally a "drummer" would become marooned there, and, before leaving, would skirmish around and sell something,—in fact had to do something to keep from being deranged by the loneliness. This failing of the drummers was the starting-point of Andy's artistic aspirations, or, more properly, *hallucinations*.

One warm day in midsummer, when the streets were as quiet as a cemetery, broiling and scintillating under an August sun, and not even a flea-bitten dog strolled across the common, much less a pedestrian or a rig, the 10:30 accommodation thundered up to

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the depot and discharged a lot of evil-smelling smoke and one lone passenger. The usual crowd of village loafers, who generally infested the station, had narrowed down to old "Dad Bates" who was upwards of seventy—a little dried-up product of New England's stony hills—weazened of features but mighty spry, and fond of his Missouri meerschaum. Dad had seen many generations of traveling-men come and go, and he knew their ways; but the latest arrival seemed just a trifle handsomer, a little better dressed and more approachable than any who had gone before. Withal, the old scout decided he liked the new one's appearance muchly. And you couldn't blame him at all, since the latter was good to look upon. Martin B. Blossom, representing the Dowdall Circulating Library Co., Inc., of Chicago, was indeed a "dandy." Tall and broad-shouldered, smooth of face, blue of eye, blond of hair and of easy temperament, was Martin's make-up; when you add to this a black tuxedo suit of the latest cut, white waistcoat, tan oxfords, two-inch choker and a tie that simply screamed—well, you'd swear that he had just stepped from a fashion-plate by Leyendecker.

The fashion-plate sauntered along the platform, taking stock of everything in sight, including Dad, not unlike a "strong-arm" man looking for a prospect.

"Howdy, Uncle?" said Martin, politely lifting his hat, which cost at least \$6.00 at wholesale.

"How de do?" answered Dad, emitting a cloud of smoke. "If it's the Borden House ye're lookin' fer, stranger, ye'll find it up the street, secon' turn to the

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right," and Dad jerked his thumb over his shoulder, country style. Martin thanked him and walked slowly and elegantly up Main street. Jonesville offered nothing new because Martin had been in hundreds of similar towns, and the one previous was a painful memory—indeed, there were black and blue spots in divers places upon his anatomy, and particularly upon his conscience, even then where the No. Tens of more than one irate Southerner had landed in a spirit of malice. Of course that took place way down in Kentucky, where the people are a trifle hotheaded; at least Martin had abundant reason to think so. It seemed he had tried to play Beau Brummel to the belle of the town whose quota of suitors was already large. Her zealous but over-particular papa liked the young Lochinvar so well that the choicest old wines the house afforded were placed *hors de combat*, so to speak. Papa had corresponded with old acquaintances in Chicago, and *Holy Smoke* with what a result! He had unearthed Blossom's pedigree, which was bad, and his history which—was worse, in fact smelled to heaven—with the afore-said result: Beau Brummel made his exit rather hastily, not even taking his grip, and "hot footed it" to a neighboring swamp until the shades of evening, when he silently stole away to the county seat—nine miles I think—there boarding a train for Chicago, a wiser but sadder man.

So much for Blossom; "smooth" and "crooked" are terms that fit the same handle, and they also fitted him; but he had a heart as big as his body, for when he drifted into Jonesville, making the

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acquaintance of Andrew Behrens, possessed of the talent of a Turner, yet drudging along with the common herd, sticking type, it made him (Martin) sore. He condoled with Andy and bewailed the fate which compelled the latter to remain in that one-horse, fly-bitten, God-forsaken burg, when the lamp of his genius was to illuminate a world of art; Martin didn't mention which particular art world he referred to—whether the world of the sign-painter or the "spotnoggler"—but this is neither here nor there to me.

In short, when Martin B. left Jonesville some two weeks later, he carried in his pocket many fat subscriptions to the Circulating Library; also pleasant memories of pumpkin pies, yellow-legged country chickens, home-made butter and layer cakes which Mrs. Behrens was noted for preparing; likewise a promise to let Andrew come on to Chicago the following winter to enter the Art Academy, where Blossom assured her artists were made to order, and one with exceptional talent could expect to hang his pictures with the Society of American Artists inside of a year or two!

Thus doth idle imagination disport itself at the expense of innocence, but alas, how different the reality!

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CHAPTER II.

TWAS night in the great city of Chicago, and a wet, stormy night at that. The winter twilight had fallen early, and fitfully through the sooty air, made a hundred-fold worse by the myriads of smoking chimneys, came now and then a solitary snowflake, gyrating, zigzagging to the wet shiny pavements which in places were inch-deep with slush. Tens of thousands of hurrying, skurrying feet had trod the streets by day and by night, for this was the week of the National C. N. U. convention, and delegates were present from Maine to the Rockies.

Inside the Illinois Central station the crowd of C. N. U.'s and their families were suffocating. The big arc lights blinked and snapped, and every five minutes a ponderous locomotive dragging a heavy train would slowly pull in, stop within a foot of the snubbing-post, and there puff and blow like a tired horse. Then the dense crowd surging over by the gate would be pushed back by a squad of special police, forming a lane through which the latest arrivals rushed in a packed stream. Above all, the ceaseless clanging of engine-bells, cries of officers, newsboys rushing hither and yon barking the late editions, blare of a dozen brass bands and the swelling, reverberating roar of the vast multitude, seemed to shake the building to its foundations.

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To Andrew Behrens, late of Jonesville, Mich., the scene was little short of Bedlam, for he was being pushed, pulled, jammed and "cathauled" to the queen's taste. Suddenly a fat man of enormous bulk rolled up against Andy nearly upsetting him, but thanks to the slim lady on the other side—she broke the fall. Andy's hat was seriously disturbed and assumed a rakish attitude over the right eye. Fortunately he regained his equilibrium, clutched his suit-case and formed a flying wedge through the gate. The big clock on the wall ahead indicated 10:30 p. m. Andrew shivered perceptibly; 10:30 down at Jonesville meant 11 o'clock in Chicago, and there he was, a lone country duffer, who had never before been outside his county, without a single acquaintance in that vast city, or friend to whom he could turn for advice!

By this time he had reached the main waiting-room and threaded his way to an iron seat, realizing for the first time that he was tired and dusty from the day's ride—and what was worse—he felt lonesome and small—in fact, he hadn't felt quite the same since he wore dresses. For a long time his attention was drawn to the seething mass of humanity, but with little consolation however. Just then somebody's umbrella prodded Andy viciously in the side, arousing him from his reverie, and he noticed that the seat adjacent was occupied by a young lady of the butterfly type. Closer inspection revealed a preponderance of false hair and face-paint pitifully deficient in covering the tell-tale lines of dissipation. The once shapely head was topped by an enor-

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mous picture-hat—a nightmare of millinery—of which the prevailing color was red. She was evidently in high spirits, for she laughed boisterously while conversing with a couple of demi-monde damsels similarly dressed.

Presently the umbrella again punctured Andy's fifth rib. He was weary, thirsty, and famished, and he didn't like it a little bit.

Turning half around he said sourly, "Say, can't you keep that parachute down?"

The be-switched and painted one gave him a long brazen stare which took all the fight out and made him wince. Suddenly she burst into a sneering laugh. "Just he'r him, gi'ls", she jibed. "Ain't he a red-hot baby? Say, kiddie, what pa't of the timb'r do you hail f'om?"

Andrew flushed to his temples, while he struggled for words fitting the occasion, but none came.

The harpy knew she had him at her mercy, and was about to utter some more "stingers" when two rather hawk-eyed men stepped up and escorted the trio away, much to Andrew's relief. As they passed down toward the street entrance he fancied he heard one of the men say rather authoritatively, "'Tis all up with you, Mag. I warned you last week to cut out this station business. It'll be ninety days sure, this time." As for Andrew, he had caught his first glimpse of the workings of the great underworld in the most immoral city of the United States.

But Behrens couldn't spend the night on that seat and he had scarcely moved for the last half hour. Already the station-detectives had marked him, and

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wondered if this was just another case of a man stranded in transit. Andy had procured the address of a rooming-house on Washington Boulevard where he wished to stop, and when he told the pompous official at the "information bureau" in the corner of the waiting-room, even that urbane gentleman looked surprised.

"Why, man!" he said, "That's way over on the West Side, beyond the Ghetto. It's all of four miles." Andy's face fell, for four miles down at Jonesville was a good ways to walk, and he hadn't thought of the street-cars. Seeing his disappointment, the official continued in a kinder tone, "I see you are a stranger here; better be careful. However, it's easy—Go down Michigan to Madison, walk two blocks to State and take Madison cable going west—get off at Bishop's Court." If the man had thrown a passage from the Koran at him Andy would probably have been more enlightened. "Go down Michigan to Madison, walk two blocks to State." Andy remembered that, but the remainder was a muddle; in less than five minutes he couldn't for his life remember whether it was "Take Madison to Cable" or "Cable to Madison." So he stood gawking at the great marble pillars for a period, then dragged his weary body to the entrance and out on Michigan Avenue, resplendent in the early winter night with electric illuminations—the Champs Elysées of the city.

A half-hour later the cable car dragged, snail-like, westward on Madison, with little fits and starts, squeaking, rasping, roaring along through the slimy

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Washington street tunnel, sweeping jerkily around corners, and finally emerged onto Madison again, in the heart of the Ghetto district, stinking with cheap barrel houses, filthy beaneries and brothels. The pavement was literally crowded with representatives of every clime, from sunny Italian vineyards to the icy shores of the Baltic; and at the corners, hanging about chop-houses and low saloons, gangs of poorly-dressed, lowbrowed men jabbered in every language under the sun, leering at the female passers-by and frequently engaging in wordy arguments punctuated with an odor of stale beer and rotten fish. At intervals of a few feet, facing the sidewalk, were stationed the two-wheeled push-carts of hucksters, ice-cream dealers and venders of hot peanuts.

As the car moved along Andy saw all these things sleepily. Numerous ragged and filthy urchins with papers clasped under their cold blue hands hopped nimbly on at the crossings and off again, vociferating loudly "*'Xaminer here? Uxtree, Record-Herald, Tribune. Uxtree here?*"

A couple of days later we find our friend, Behrens, stalking up Madison with the determined appearance of a seasoned globe-trotter. The maze of streets, the tangle of car lines, had no more terrors for him. Andrew Behrens had laid aside the mantle of rusticity, the garb of rurality, and taken on the hustling pessimistic air of one reared in the second flat at No. — Lake Shore Drive. That day we found him gazing fondly at the Polar bears and Grizzlies in the Lincoln Park Zoo, or wrapped in a brown

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study before the bronze effigy of the great Emancipator at the entrance. Perchance the ponderous Ferris-wheel, revolving slowly and protestingly with the rheumatic groans of old age, lured him, for once seated in the rising car Andrew forgot Jonesville—forgot the choir—forgot everything as he gazed out over the spreading panorama of smoking chimneys, high buildings and ever-busy trade marts. As the mammoth circle arose higher and still higher, off in the south-east quarter he fancied he saw the shores of his beloved Michigan, lapped by the Lake's cold blue waves.

At the Art Academy Prof. Sylvanus Hopkinson Dupré welcomed him with the quiet easy grace which years of experience had taught. Andrew found the office of the school on the seventh floor; commonplace enough and business-like it seemed.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Behrens," said Prof. Dupré, extending a plump, flabby hand. "Make yourself at home. You'll find my school is not a hot-bed of snobbery like a certain other in the city. We don't take in any rakes here," and he smiled artistically; meantime "sizing up" his pupil-to-be with care, a process which included Andrew's wilted collar, leather watch-fob and dusty shoes. Surely the latter couldn't come into the ostracised class mentioned.

Sylvanus Hopkinson Dupré stood just four-feet-ten in his stockings, with an avoirdupois of 180 pounds, and he had a little round head on his trunk like a bullet on a potato, steel-gray eyes set far apart, and a nervous manner. Your casual observa-

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tion would be that he was tremendously artistic but appallingly modest, and something unseen whispered as much to Behrens.

"Now Mr. Behrens, may I ask what you have done in the line of art work? Let me examine some of your drawings," continued Dupré; turning to his desk apparently satisfied with the diagnosis.

"The fact is, Mr. Dupré, I left them in my room but I'll bring them later" confessed Andrew rather lamely. "You see, I didn't expect to start in school for a few days."

"Suit yourself, suit yourself. By the way, let me show you about. School is out for the day, but you must see the drawings on the wall. It might be well for me to explain our methods, and you can question me later if you wish." So saying he closed the desk with a snap and Andrew followed him through a sort of entry extending twenty feet, at the farther end of which a thick oaken door swung inward, and seemingly as an extra precaution, a heavy baize curtain screened the entrance. What Andrew had expected to see was a room of exquisite cleanliness, hung with rich hand-painted tapestry, decked with marble statues and stained-glass windows. Imagine then his surprise when pushing aside the curtain, which was dark with age, they emerged into an apartment fetid with the odor of tobacco smoke and wood alcohol. The windows were few, lighting the studio insufficiently and fogged with the accumulations of years; floors sooty and black with crayon and pencil litter. Overhead a skylight covered half the room and was as dirty as the windows, while a

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black cloth fluttered outside with the winter winds—gloomy prospect indeed for a man who was to hang his pictures with the Society of American Artists two years hence!

In the center of the rather large room was a rostrum perhaps thirty inches higher than the surrounding floor and encircling this were one hundred, more or less, low easels of the cheapest construction, standing stiffly in rows and each over the signature of the owner chalked neatly on the floor. To say that Andrew was surprised would be putting it too lightly; to say dumbfounded would be too weak; flabbergasted is nearer the correct definition.

Here was A. Behrens, late of Jonesville, Mich., cartoonist, who, having come a hundred miles—all alone—to study the sublime art, the wonderful delineation of nature's beauties, descendant of Artemus Behrens, who fought with Gen. Greene at the Cowpens and was wounded in the back, here was the great and only A. Behrens come to study drawing and perspective in a dirty ill-smelling old school of antiquity. Bosh! Abase the thought! He was getting sicker of Chicago every minute. Thusly and more thusly did Andrew deliberate.

Prof. Sylvanus H. must have seen the change of countenance, for he got busy at once with a great pile of portfolios next the wall. High up in the heap he extracted a rusty one, and leading the way to a window proceeded to show its contents.

"Here is the work of a student who has been with us not quite three years. As you perceive, his stuff is mostly charcoal and 'wash'. This man has work

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upon the wall now, so you see what a clever student can do. Let me advise you, Mr. Behrens, by all means stick to your drawing; whether you take wash, charcoal, or oils." Dupré brought to light a collection of drawings in nude and costume which smelled like Dr. Armstrong's medicine-case, but Ye Gods! Such exquisite, ethereal, willowy, female shapes; such muscular Adonis'; such chic costumes draped on forms of perfect contour.

Andrew's artistic blood was up now; his fingers itched for a pencil. In a word, he was as blind to his surroundings as though hypnotized, and when he parted with Prof. Sylvanus Hopkinson Dupré after a sumptuous supper at Café De Jonje, he was doing a heavy stunt at artistic mathematics. A few days hence our Jonesvillian found himself a bona fide student, and as such was duly introduced to his fellow-workers.

He tried to enumerate them that night, but fell down miserably and gave it up, sinking into a drowse only to be awakened by the sullen roar of the cable over on Madison. Then he tried it again: there was Boundey, the tall silent fellow who worked incessantly and said nothing; there was Black who worked incessantly also, but wasn't silent, chattering like a magpie while he splotched in the highlights; there was Hufer, the Dutchman, round of belly and smooth of face, whose drawing was as round as his belly, and he'd snap your head off if you as much as asked the loan of, a rubber (Hufer was an old timer); there was DeLancey, of Kentucky, who must have sprung from the moonshine district of

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the hills, because he always carried a bottle of "old red eye"; his hair was yellow and complexion like snuff, (but say, that fellow was foxy with the brush!) Let me further describe him: Six-feet-two stood DeLancey in his "socks"; built like a Swede; loose-jointed and raw-boned, he walked with a shuffle as if his pedals were heavy. Habitually he wore a sack coat cut much too short for his lengthy frame, while his limbs were encased in breeches of antique design, wide of seat and baggy, but extremely small at the ankles. His knees, by reason of their great distance from the floor, were exceedingly amorous, and caressed each other with a rasping sound as their owner walked. DeLancey was the butt of many a joke, rather slyly we must admit, since he had severely pummeled the little portrait-painter, Oakley, for calling him "Hill Billy."

Then there was Pushka, the Armenian, that fierce, gesticulating, spluttering, enthusiastic little foreigner who always "hogged" the best position after the model was posed. He was brown as an Italian and quick as a cat, with curly hair always long and neatly combed. Pushka's snapping black eyes were always shifting as though expecting a Turk to bob up; his nose was hooked, overlooking the most devilish curled-up black mustache and goatee you ever saw.

"O, ze modale iss zo exquizette ziss morning," he would say. "I haf not zee skeel zu baint ze bee-utiful laty; ze composzitione, zee colare zis magneeficent. Pardon, Monsieur," then he'd poke the fellow in front with his rest-stick, "would zee Monsieur

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kindly move zush leedle beet to ze right. Ze modale iss not plain."

Thus he cajoled, butted in and criticised, day in and day out, until every man in the Academy was lined up with a solemn pledge to turn his beastly little carcass wrong side out some fine day and drop it into the alley below.

"Genteelmen, I baint sax yare in zee Andrickhen at Vienna before I come to zis countra, and zee profesares teach me zee true preencepul. Zee Monsieur very bad in zee technique; he baint only zee dead figure. Zee Monsieur much betare baint zee sign of zee Quaker Oats," Pushka was heard to say one day to the big Southerner who had painted three years under the brush name of "Texas." Texas turned half around on his stool and placed a mammoth hairy hand on the cringing shoulder of the Armenian, none too lightly mind you, while he calmly laid down his palette and brushes.

"You little soup-eating runt!" then Texas gripped the shoulder till the bones snapped and Pushka doubled up like a jack-knife. "You little warty frog, if you pester me again with your high-browed criticisms, I'll skin you alive!" And by way of emphasis he slammed the Armenian against the wall with force enough to break every bone in his body. One of the lady students emitted a scream of fright, but Pushka picked up his palette and easel and retired looking as black as Erebus. After this everything ran along smoothly at the school—minus the high-browed criticism however—for several days.

Nobody said anything to Texas about the episode,

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nor did anyone evince enough interest in the Armenian to inquire why he did not again appear for many days. Everybody knew that as surely as night follows day the grand finals were yet to come; some day, somewhere, bloody vengeance would be wreaked. It got on the nerves of the whole student body, including the chic little model, Sheila, who fidgeted and cast apprehensive glances toward the door. The result was, that drawings were "rotten", instructors sour, the charcoal was hard—in short the whole machinery of the school was out of gear. The female contingent with whom he was very popular sympathized deeply with Texas, but they might as well have spared the trouble, for he was just as calm as before; just as lackadaisical about his drawing—a light-hearted, big-souled, guileless and bronzed athlete of the bayous. At the Texas University he had won the all-around medals and played the League's center. Andrew's admiration for Texas was secondary only to his desire to draw, and almost from the beginning the two became fast friends.

Texas, though faultlessly attired at all times, never seemed to notice the seedy clothes of his friend from Michigan—just the quality that makes men highly popular at an art school. He had money "to burn" and seemed to delight in parting with it. Such an extravagance as a box at the Iroquois for himself and friends, twenty-five-dollar suppers at Café De Jonje for the party, with plenty of liquid refreshments thrown in, seemed little short of madness to Andrew, whose meager purse was limited to

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board and lodging and a gallery ticket once a month, and when the latter protested at being "toted", Texas slapped him on the back and said raucously, "Cheer up, old man, that fault-finding is something I positively can't endure, so come along and help me spend this filthy lucre because there is more on the dresser."

And that wasn't all: when poor consumptive Burnett, who had worked so hard to win the Meyer-Both prize, failed miserably because he was assigned a position squarely at the model's side with the arm pointing straight at him, hadn't Texas reached out to "shake," the day after the contest closed and left in Burnett's thin palm a shining double eagle? No wonder Andrew admired Texas—so did every one except—Pushka, and when that individual appeared again his general deportment was much the same. The old *sang froid* had not deserted him; the model was just as pleasing, his position always satisfactory, but it was noticeable that Pushka kept away from Texas. If Texas chose a front view Pushka chose a rear one and vice versa, so it seemed that for a time at least all unpleasantness would be banished.

One Monday morning the Armenian came on the scene early, for a new model was to be posed. Texas had chalked his position—a quartering view—very desirable on account of the dull light, the day before. Boundey, who was acting as temporary janitor, was surprised to see Pushka walk over and coolly erase Texas' name, substituting his own. The easels he also changed. A half-hour later the model had been posed, and save for the rasping of char-

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coal and swish of rubber the room was quiet. Texas came in late, hardly noticed by any one, passed around examining the different drawings, and stopped to chaff Andrew a moment about the technique of his "wash", suggesting a "box of highlights". Pushka worked on, not as much as glancing up. Texas walked calmly behind the Armenian, seized him by the coat-collar and lifted him bodily off the floor. There Pushka hung like a gigantic spider, arms and legs gyrating like a windmill, cursing like a demon. There was a general exodus from the vicinity, stools and easels being overturned in the melée. Just then Prof. Dupré came ramping from the office and sought to reach the combatants, but in the confusion he might as well have tried to stem the whirlpool rapids. There were cries of "Soak him, soak him, Texas," "Drub the rat," "Bust his composition," etc. What really happened, was, the fighting, cursing Armenian was carried at arm's length out through the office into the hall. Here Texas held him suspended over the elevator-shaft with reckless abandon, but changed his mind and kicked the foreigner's middle soundly instead, finally winding up by chucking the now thoroughly-subdued Pushka head-first into a big waste-basket which stood nearby, half filled with litter from the studio. It is needless to say the school adjourned for that day. Pushka went away with terrible maledictions on the head of the "Yankee pig", and Texas was called on the carpet by the Prof., with the alternative of a heavy fine and no privileges for a month, or dismissal. Of course he chose the fine, and paid it

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forthwith—that is, he went through the *modus operandi*, with a purse which the fellows donated.

The next morning at 9:30 there came a knock at the door of Texas' apartments in the Fine Arts Building, and when he answered cheerfully "come in", he was surprised to see no others than Theo. Valdeck and another Armenian merchant, both prominent rug-dealers down on Adams street. Valdeck had been in America long enough to speak pretty good English, while his companion could not.

They plunged into the gist of the matter at once, or at least Valdeck did, by saying: "Monsieur Texas will excuse this early morning call I am sure and allow me to introduce my friend, Salvator Pushka," and Valdeck bowed low, first to Salvator then to Texas.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," said Texas, with his most genial smile, at the same time giving to each the glad hand. "Sit down and allow me to offer you, gentlemen, a cigarette," but Valdeck waved him aside.

"Pardon, Monsieur, but we understand ze gentleman had a slight misunderstanding yesterday with Monsieur Pushka's brother." Here Salvator raised both hands, palms outward, with a deprecating gesture and mumbled something in his native tongue. Valdeck resumed, "Ze gentleman doubtless would desire the matter settled at once, and Monsieur Pushka wishes me to present this card to his antagonist with his compliments." Salvator arose politely and bowed low as Valdeck fished from his pocket a small glossy card bearing Pushka's signature, and in

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the corner a symbolic figure of twin rapiers crossed, which he handed to Texas rather gingerly.

For the first time it dawned upon the Southerner what the real errand of the visitors was, and he found it extremely hard to suppress a laugh. It was evident that the little "toad" whom he had operated upon the day before, wished a meeting on the field of honor that he might try conclusions with weapons. The ludicrousness of the situation stung Texas' funny-bone so hard he actually did explode. Through this the two Armenians maintained a dignified silence, but with lowering brows. When Texas had recovered sufficiently to talk he said: "Well, Mr. Valdeck, I am beginning to get you, so to speak. You wish to inform me that the Hon. Pushka begs the delicious privilege of puncturing my liver at any convenient time on the field of honor, leastways, to see who buys the drinks," and Texas went off into another paroxysm more violent than before.

"Monsieur makes large joke of this matter" said Valdeck acridly, "but I can scarcely see ze point for such a pun. Monsieur will recollect that we Armenians do not freely forgive wanton insults. Pushka came home yesterday in great commotion of mind, swearing by the beard of his father that the "Yankee pig" should bite the dust. He has already participated in five different affairs, but probably ze Monsieur is not aware of this, nor is he aware Pushka is cunning with ze rapier and poniard."

"Well, go at once and inform your principal that I shall be more than glad to satisfy his thirst for American blood at 4:30 a. m., on Wednesday a week

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hence, and he can choose the place where he prefers to pass up his checks. I would suggest to his brother here that he bring along a skillful surgeon, because I shall do a thorough job and there will undoubtedly be a grievous fracture to reduce; I also suggest, if he has no objections, that we meet in Jackson Park, fifty paces south of the old Art Museum, because the landscape there is good to look upon, and I want a harmonious composition in the grouping of the picture; but let him remember that I am the challenged party, and as such I shall designate the weapons," said Texas, nonchalantly screwing up his face precisely as if he were arranging the settings for a salon picture, and his antagonist were to be his model.

Thus, with much bickering, was the affair arranged; after which he bowed the two Armenians to the elevator and saw them drop, with another spasm of laughter which lasted until Andrew called a couple of hours later. After discussing the likelihood of getting on the wall that quarter, and various other topics, Texas quite casually mentioned that he had received an invitation to a killing from Pushka.

Andrew went white and red by turns as he listened.

"Well, old man, I guess your goose is cooked now," he blurted out. "Didn't you know that Pushka had killed five men in duals? Not only that, but he is reckoned the surest shot and the most expert swordsman in the city; he'll rip you open, sure," and Andrew worked himself into a frenzy as he

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talked. "My God, Texas, you musn't meet that murderer. Don't you do it. His bloodthirsty gang will spit you anyhow, if you should win out," and Andrew walked the floor nervously to and fro, almost wringing his hands. "What are you going to do?"

During this harangue Texas had lit his ever-solacing pipe and puffed away in a dense cloud for a period of three minutes. The smile did not fade, the color of his face didn't blanch, much to Andrew's surprise. Finally he ventured the remark, "Nothing of the kind, you silly kid. Don't get so nervous. Not so fast. You forget it falls upon me to choose the weapons. Of course I shall not select swords or guns, but most certainly I shall give the rat a surprise. My favorite weapons are baseballs and you must be my second. Tomorrow morning you shall arrange the details with Valdeck. Tell him its balls at fifteen paces. That's about all I care. The other preliminaries leave to him." Andrew had a strong inclination to give his friend the horse-laugh and tried to chaff him, but Texas would listen to nothing further concerning the matter, and insisted on discussing the model's fine points. When they parted, he extended a cordial invitation to attend "Mr. Blue-beard" at the Iroquois that evening, which was not refused.

Valdeck received the details of the coming contest with great astonishment. The ludicrousness of such weapons got him going. Who ever heard of using baseballs to fight duals with? He vociferated loudly that the Yankees were trying to tease them. "Surely Monsieur did not mean that they should face

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each other armed with nothing but harmless little hogskin-covered spheres?"

Andrew assured him that such indeed had been the decision of his principal; furthermore, both men would have to submit to a search by each other's seconds, who would see to it that no other weapons were concealed.

Now Texas' chief hobby was the collection of baseballs, and he had a great variety, every blessed one of which had a history. He used to get the fever occasionally and show them to his friends, much as a farmer would exhibit a mammoth vegetable of his own raising. The balls were kept in a box neatly divided into apartments, and every ball's cover was a maze of dates and incidents inscribed neatly in ink, not unlike the exhibits in some museum.

"This ball," he would say, "we used when we played the Arkansas Tigers. I was feeling fine as a fiddle that day and could put them over in great style, but our team was in bad. Our fielders couldn't pick 'em up; the catcher didn't seem to have the snap necessary to catch the runners on second, and our batting was 'rotten'. 'Twas the seventh inning and the score stood 1 and 5 in favor of the Tigers. They had two men on bases. I gave the batter a red-hot drop and he couldn't find it, but kept on cutting chunks out of the atmosphere and fanned. I was pretty busy watching the man on second and couldn't do much with the next man up. So it went, until the first half of the ninth, when we made a triple play, ran in seven scores and saved the game.

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"That was a great day for us, so great we could not hold down the record, and got walloped every other game during the series.

"And this one I used when 'Muggsy' McGraw, the plucky umpire of the Louisiana Roughs, got beaten up for calling Hemans out on second, when the score stood 3 and 3," and thus he'd ramble on in a reminiscent mood until the fellows really adored him as a hero, and no one could understand why Texas cared to toil day after day for the meager reward of a drawing on the wall, or perchance honorable mention at the end of the year. Verily he was a comedy of contradictions.

From his precious collections he selected four of the whitest and newest, and bade Andrew pack them securely in batting in a cigar-box, which he secreted in the latter's locker at school. Not a word about his plans did he pass to Andrew, until the forenoon of the day before the dual, when they talked the matter over. Texas inquired if Andrew carried a gun, to which the latter answered "No". Just as they were passing down in the elevator, Texas silently and deftly handed a 38-calibre bulldog to his chum, while the elevator boy's back was turned.

They had previously agreed to meet at the corner of Madison and State at 1:30 that evening, so as to hit the last car south before 5:30 a. m., that being the hour of meeting Pushka. Texas carried a small square black grip, and Andrew the box containing the balls. The conductor glanced sharply at the two figures muffled up to their chins in long overcoats,

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and wearing slouch hats. Few passengers were on the car at that time, and after leaving 25th street they bowled along rapidly with few stops. The night was dark and stormy; every time the front door was opened, a deluge of snowflakes came blustering in, much to the discomfort of passengers. The whole setting of the scene got on Andrew's nerves; so much so that he could not resist the temptation of turning in the seat to look behind. On the rear seat lounged two or three half-intoxicated "sports" dressed in the height of fashion, but their tall silk hats showed numerous dents and hard usage; they were probably returning from the "red light" district. Each gripped a half-smoked cigar in his maudlin mouth, and tried feebly to warble "Hiawatha." By the door the conductor watched his charges and bawled the streets hoarsely.

Here and there through the storm the corner lights gleamed out sharply into the night; hacks rumbled swiftly over the crossings and passed into the sheen of light for an instant, then disappeared in the blackness beyond. As the car swung into Cottage Grove Avenue all signs of life ceased save for the passing of an occasional north-bound car. Through this once important World's Fair inlet the car tore along at top speed. "Fiftysecond Street!" the conductor sang out.

Andrew and Texas were in a half doze, and this unexpected arrival at their destination caused a rather creepy sensation in the region of their spines, but hastily regaining their equilibrium they sought the park entrance, passing on up the avenue which

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had conducted untold thousands during the summer of '93.

For the second time since his arrival in the city Andrew now experienced that 'wobbly-kneed sensation, something akin to what the lone small boy feels when passing a cemetery in the dark.

Texas broke the ghostly silence by whacking the back of the trembling and dejected Andrew and saying with a laugh, "Well, old boy, how does it feel to be in a real sure-enough dual? What, you're not feeling weak-kneed are you?" But Andrew said nothing. "Cheer up, it's not so bad after all. This will be a bloodless fight. By the way, have you got your gun?" .

"Sure", said Andrew, plunging his hand a little deeper into his overcoat pocket, where he gripped a 38-bulldog. In fact, he had been gripping it ever since they pulled away from 25th street. "I've got the gun and the balls too, but I don't see what's to prevent those sneaking foreigners creeping up on us out here and assassinating us in cold blood." Andrew was beginning to experience that despicable stage-fright again, and his teeth chattered perceptibly,—but it might have been chills, of course.

The storm had now ceased, leaving the earth with a beautiful mantle of white, stretching out in all directions, from which tree boles sprang in dark twisted shapes. Way up ahead the Museum Building's massive dome showed black against the rapidly-clearing winter skies. Texas pulled out his watch; it indicated 4:30.

"Well, I guess we are on tick all right, and as we

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have about an hour to wait, we'll just go up here in the port-cochère of the building and have a smoke," said Texas. Suiting the action to the words, he filled a generous pipe and puffed away like a hoisting-engine. Seating himself on a ledge, he assumed an easy attitude. "Say, this is an artistic setting, sure! See that composition," he explained, pointing lake-ward, where a dark blue hazy line met the lowering skies. "There's a splendid winter scene with the moon just breaking through, a rift in ashy-grey clouds, the great bulk of the Museum Building towering aloft to the right. Then there are the bony skeletons of the oaks; something beautifully artistic in those tangled twigs against a moonlit sky." From his conversation one would have thought he were discussing a painting in the gallery, instead of shivering out there on the lake-front, awaiting a painful uncertainty.

I'll have to confess to you that Andrew, for once, could see nothing artistic either in the surroundings or Texas' conversation. The landscape looked very cold and forbidding and commonplace to the lad from Jonesville. He was also cold and homesick and heartsick, in short, disgusted with the whole blooming business, and wished himself well out of it. Texas might rave about the beauties of winter and the composition of pictures, for aught he cared: as for himself, he was too busy watching the black shapes roundabout, expecting every minute to see a muffled figure step into range and open fire. Andrew also conjectured vividly as to how he would look lying stiff on the slab at the morgue, an object of curiosity

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to visitors, who perchance would note the ragged hole in his head, and remark how well that little leaden pellet had done the business. He saw the *Daily Examiner* being hawked by the newsies who shouted shrilly, "'Zaminer here; all about the two art-students murdered in Jackson Park this morning. Thought to be spite work by the vendetta."

Texas, after several efforts to enliven the conversation, gave it up and smoked in silence. Already the rosy tints of dawn were penciling the sky next the blue-black water, and afar, the swelling city traffic came down the early morning air. Somewhere out on the river, a barge-siren bellowed hoarsely. Simultaneously, a hack, driven at a swift trot, approached from the street, and our friends at once sat up and took notice, meeting the equipage at the corner of the building. As it drew up, three figures dismounted quickly, followed by a short heavy-set individual. At a sign from the short individual, the driver turned his team and drove out as he had come.

"Been waiting for some time, gentlemen," said Texas pleasantly. The spokesman of the party simply returned the salutation, that was all. The party was composed of Pushka, Salvator, his brother, Theo. Valdeck, and a personage with a medicine-case, evidently a physician. After exchanging greetings, Texas explained that Andrew would be pleased to arrange details with Valdeck, while Pushka retired, sullenly, a little distance and removed his great coat. When the two seconds had measured fifteen paces, the principals took their positions promptly, and

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Andrew stepped forward with the box of balls, from which Pushka gingerly selected two, and Texas likewise.

"Now, gentlemen, you understand that according to my arrangement with Valdeck, you are to be searched for possible weapons other than you hold in your hands," said Andrew. This only occupied a minute. Andrew gave Pushka an overhauling, and extracted from his clothes a jack-knife, two pipes, and a handful of matches, while Valdeck was rewarded by recovering a match-box only, Texas having surrendered his revolver to Andrew previously.

Andrew flashed a 38 bulldog in each hand while he talked. "Gentlemen, are you ready? Mr. Valdeck and myself have agreed that I shall count one, two, three, four, and so on up to ten, and during that time you are to deliver your balls. If one or the other is struck by the first ball thrown, he has the privilege of delivering both balls if he is able, and if one party falls at the first ball, the other party must not deliver the last ball on peril of his life;" and to emphasize his point, Andrew drew a bead on both principals. Pushka winced and jumped sideways.

At the words "one, two, three," Pushka delivered the first ball; but he was nervous, and though he threw deliberately, missed by two inches. The ball sped on, and striking a tree directly in line, glanced off and bounded into a clump of bushes. At that he became agitated, his face paled perceptibly as he watched Texas standing like a rock. The latter put on that dangerously calm look which he could

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assume on certain occasions, but he had not even removed the pipe from his mouth. Again Pushka took careful aim and delivered, but the result was even worse than before.

Now it was high time for Texas to get busy, which he did, as he gripped the pigskin pellet and spat upon it. Directly, his husky right arm proceeded to wind up, the right foot was lifted high, and the ball shot out, fairly zipping through the air in a beautiful upshoot curve which caught the point of Pushka's chin. Undoubtedly the latter had expected to do some foxy dodging, but he might as well have tried to dodge a cannon-ball. There was a snap of broken bones, and the Armenian collapsed like an egg-shell, going down in a heap. Valdeck and the surgeon administered stimulants and carried their man to the hack which had appeared from somewhere, the door slammed shut with a "bang," the driver cracked his whip over the horses' backs, and the party drove at break-neck speed to the entrance of 52nd street, where they disappeared. It all happened so quickly that Andrew hardly had time to pocket his guns.

"The Armenian is settled for a time, at least," said Texas, as he struck a match. "Ha, ha, but I think the M. D. will find a compound fracture there, don't you?" he added.

"By the great horn spoon!"—this was a favorite adjuration with him—"but I did think Pushka could put a ball to first better than that, didn't you now?" he rattled on, as enthusiastic as a schoolboy, meanwhile brushing the snow from his coat and donning the same. Suddenly a thought struck Texas

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forcibly, and it was funny to see how quickly his happy schoolboy expression changed to one of the deepest concern.

"By the great horn spoon!" he repeated excitedly. "Did you notice where those balls went? We must find those balls at any cost." And would you believe it?—*that beastly cad kept Andrew there breakfastless until eight o'clock searching for his measly baseballs!*

In a roundabout way they returned to school, and what Andrew said to him that morning en route is not fit for publication, so you can guess it if you wish.

After a few days they heard that the Armenian suffered a dislocated jaw, which would require months to heal, but where he went they never knew, as the Academy saw him no more. After the ball episode Texas' popularity increased fifty per cent., and that is saying a good deal. However, be that as it may, Andrew could not think the matter closed on Pushka's part, nor does he doubt to-day that if Texas had survived that awful holocaust which came later, but that vengeance would have terminated his career at some unexpected time or place.

It was the 30th of December—two days before New Year's—that our worthy friends, Texas and Andrew, sat in the great auditorium of the magnificent Iroquois theatre, and it is safe to wager that they were caring little, or thinking not at all, of the dual or anything else except the afternoon matinée, "Mr. Bluebeard," which was then having a very popular run. Back and above them the tier on tier of

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galleries was a mass of packed humanity, women and children predominating—the élite of Chicago—as is always the case at 2:30 matinées.

There was a confused humming up in the balconies, and a murmur in the vast auditorium. Suddenly the lights were turned on full, and the orchestra struck up. All was mirth and cheer, for was not "Mr. Bluebeard" the most popular of Klaw & Erlanger's productions? Was not the beautiful new Iroquois the most modern fire-proof structure in the city? Who cared if the harping critics did cavil at the management for opening the house before it was completed? Who cared if the fire-apparatus was inadequate? On with the play! Let joy be unconfined! Over in the main aisle were several uniformed firemen and ushers who stood ready to do the public will, and whose eagle eyes noted every light in close proximity to the curtain. Surely every precaution had been taken for the safety of the thousands.

Notwithstanding all these attachés were trained to the work, when that awful night fell there was universal denunciation of the management.

Andrew had experienced a feeling of calamity all the forenoon, a queer foreboding when they entered the lobby. Something seemed to snap in his brain like an overstrung instrument, when they were politely ushered into the box—but what that something was Andrew never knew, nor can he to-day explain why an unheeded small voice seemed to be saying, plain as day, "beware, beware." But in the excitement of flashing lights, beautiful women, and

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soul-stirring music, the still small voice was forgotten.

As for Texas, he was the same old care-free jovial good fellow; in fact he seemed to have taken on a special dispensation of jollity for the afternoon, and the puns he made regarding the ladies' enormous picture-hats in his range of vision were positively shocking.

Directly the curtain was rung up and Andrew became absorbed in the play, but Texas was lackadaisical as usual, and seemed to prefer exchanging bon mots with a little Miss in the next box rather than seeing the fancy buck-and-wing dancing on the stage. Andrew wondered who the little Miss could be, for Texas certainly was carrying on a scandalous flirtation. A second look convinced him that Texas ought not to be blamed, for a more heavenly creature could scarcely be imagined. She was evidently about ten years of age, a peachy blond with long golden hair, and such a sweet face! The face reminded Andrew of his sister, Julia, who long before had crossed the silent river.

Thus passed the first act gayly; also the second, and the spot-lights never shone on fairer chorus girls or funnier comedians. The great audience applauded and encored. Actors came blushing before the curtain and bowed their acknowledgments.

Then came the great transformation scene. The auditorium and stage were winked into semi-darkness for the popular song, "Pale Moonlight." Just before the switch was opened, Andrew remembered

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turning in his seat to gaze at the upper balcony. The ushers were going from exit to exit trying the doors to see that they were locked, and something chilly went up Andrew's spine. "What if something should happen with those doors fastened!"

Eight pretty chorus girls and eight escorts strolled through the measures of the piece, bathed in a flood of dazzling light. Up above, on a massive gridiron, an electrician was manipulating the "spot-light" which threw such brilliant effects upon the stage, picking out first this, then that beauty, covering her with a glory of color. The whole effect of the scene, coupled with the willowy dancing and entrancing music, completely hypnotized both Andrew and Texas; to all other influences they were as dead as cadavers—so dead in fact that they failed to notice a tiny spark which darted across the cloth drape in the archway up in the proscenium. Probably there were not a half-dozen people in that great audience, outside of the theatre attachés, who noticed the spark. Accustomed as they were to insignificant fire scares and trying ordeals, the stage-hands hurried silently to the task of extinguishing the fire. Down in the orchestra-pit it could be seen that something was wrong, but the trained musicians played on unconcernedly. Members of the troupe cast their eyes above and saw the flame growing until it swelled to a maelstrom, but they were not frightened; they knew the firemen could attend to that; so the dance of death went on. Meanwhile the fire-fiend, red and glowing with exultation, snapping with the expectation of the feast that was before him,

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grew like a demon. Glowing embers began to fall upon the bare shoulders of the dancers, and they retreated with blanched faces and trembling limbs; true to their training they had stood nobly, but human nature has a limit. At that the audience took alarm and rose to its feet.

The genial comedian, Eddie Foy, rushed to the front of the stage, pleading with voice calm but tremulous, "Keep your seats, people, keep your seats. All will be right."

Suddenly his voice was drowned in a volley of detonations, loud as cannons; the gas-tanks had exploded. Great wooden fixtures and carloads of blazing scenery loosened from above, fell like thunderbolts on the now deserted stage. Then high above the crackling of the flames came the hoarse command, "Lower the fire-curtain!" Like a great gray blanket something broke from the proscenium-arch and dropped corner-wise, see-sawing in front of the fiery furnace, nearly touching the stage at one end; and there it hung, crumpled and twisted. Curses be upon such a puny and impotent contrivance! With that defective asbestos curtain rests the responsibility of snuffing out five hundred precious human lives.

Andrew had left his seat at the command to lower the curtain, traversing more than two-thirds of the distance to the nearest exit, but the queerest part of it all was, he had not thought of Texas, nor even looked back. To his dying day he will reproach himself deeply that the welfare of his friend never as much as entered his thoughts on that fatal afternoon,

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until he came to himself amongst the excited, struggling throng in the street. How he reached the outer air, Andrew never knew.

After the dropping of the fire-proof curtain, a large iron door in the rear of the stage had been opened by fleeing actors, and the draft caused thereby shot the white-hot flames back into the auditorium, where hell had broken loose in the vast throng who fled before it. Doors, windows, hallways, fire-escapes—all were jammed in a moment with struggling humanity, fighting for life. Some of the doors were jammed almost instantly, so that no human power could push them open. Behind those in front they pressed, the frenzied mass of humanity, Chicago's elect, the wives and children of its most prosperous business men and the flower of local society, fighting like demons incarnate. Purses, wraps, costly furs, were cast aside in that mad rush; mothers were torn from children, husbands from wives. No hold, however strong, could last against that awful, indescribable crush. Strong men who sought to the last to sustain their feminine companions were swept away like straws, thrown to the floor and trampled into unconsciousness in the twinkling of an eye. Women, to whom the safety of their children was more than their own lives, had their little ones torn from them and buried under the mighty sweep of humanity, moving onward by intuition rather than through exercise of thought, to the various exits. They, in turn, were swept on, before their wails died on their lips—some to safety, others to a horrible death.

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While some exits were jammed by fallen refugees so as to become useless, others refused to open. In the darkness that fell upon the doomed theatre, a struggle ensued such as was never pictured by the mind of Dante in his visions of *Inferno*. With prayers, curses, and meaningless shrieks of terror, all faced their fate like rats in a trap. The darkness was illumined by a fearful light that burst from the sea of flame pouring from the proscenium, making Dante's illusions seem commonplace. In a few minutes all was over but the weeping.

Where at 3:15 beauty and fashion and happy amusement-seekers thronged the palatial playhouse, they fell a few moments later before a deadly blast of flame and gases, sweeping all with irresistible force.

Andrew found himself dragged and buffeted along the pavement, and finally brought up against a doorway across the street, which was now a mass of vehicles, street-cars and pedestrians. Dead-wagons and ambulances of every description lined the edge of the walks, ready to receive the harvest. A few rods above, at the corner of Randolph Street a flock of fire-engines churned and belched forth great clouds of smoke. The firemen were directing streams of water on the premises, some into the body of the house, where vagrant tongues of flame still found material on which to feed. Inside, silence reigned—the silence of death. But few outside realized the awful condition there. At the doors firemen and police struggled with half-crazed men and weeping women, who had either escaped and left some mem-

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ber of their families inside, or were anxiously looking for friends in that funeral pyre.

In the nearby business places counters and floors were covered with the injured and dying. Gradually they were loaded into improvised ambulances; delivery-wagons, etc., being utilized, and taken post-haste to the nearest hospitals. Soon the darkened, glutted death-trap was cooled sufficiently to be entered, and what a sight met the eyes of the rescuers! The beautiful marble staircase and pillars of the foyer were scarcely smirched, and the colossal front, with its rich, *many-colored windows stood as imposing and magnificent as before, but O, the chamber of horrors behind that monument!*

Supreme over all in the mouldering charnel-house was the scent of scorching human flesh.

Andrew had accidentally met Gregg, the genial patrolman of his acquaintance, and begged to be allowed to help carry out the dead. Gregg at first shook his head. "Boy, you couldn't stay three minutes in that hellhole."

"But I must, Texas is in there, O my God!" and the emotions which had been checked by terror began to manifest themselves. Great tears rolled down Andrew's blanched cheeks, in spite of heroic efforts. Gregg turned away and Andrew followed at his heels through the glass street-doors. In the confusion of passing to and fro, he was not noticed by the guard. Gregg mounted the marble stairs, all unconscious that he had a willing helper at his elbow. At the top of the stairs, entering the first balcony, Andrew took his first look at the awful

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results. For a distance of twenty feet back from the doors, and fully eight feet deep, bodies were piled in a heap, and the ghastliness of the thing nearly smote our young friend senseless. Save for the groans of some half-conscious victim somewhere in the pile, all was silent as the grave. Firemen and rescuers pulled and tugged frantically at the tangled mass of legs and arms, trying to get at those who were yet alive.

Andy walked to the edge of the balcony and tried to accustom his eyes to the gloom below, but save for an occasional live spark here and there, where the water had failed to reach, all was dark as night. The odor of burning flesh, scorched woodwork, and gases, which assailed his nostrils, was well-nigh suffocating; it reminded him of the slaughter-house down at Jonesville. Sick and limp as a rag he stood there, too horrified to move. Plainly he would have to do something or get out at once. Gregg must have noticed Andrew's condition, for he clutched the latter's arm roughly. "See here kid, grab this blanket, and get busy. Can't you see you're needed?" and Gregg gave him a lusty push, which seemed to break the spell. Thenceforth all timidity and nausea vanished, and Andrew worked like a Trojan. Every time a fresh load was thrown into his blanket, how anxiously did he scrutinize the blackened features, hoping against hope that Texas had escaped, but expecting the worst. But he didn't see Texas that day nor the next.

Presently the electricians, working frantically, installed temporary arc lights, and the sights they

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were forced to undergo would surely have driven the workers to stark lunacy, but for the gradual initiation they had received.

Outside, the staring crowds watched with silent curiosity the loading of human baggage. Soon the supply of ambulances gave out, and great four-horse drays were pressed into service, hauling their loads, piled three-deep like cordwood, to the city morgues. As they passed along the route, people three blocks away were heard to remark, "What, another load? Merciful heavens, how many more?"

As they loaded the thirtieth body on a huge dray, Andrew noticed a man well up in front who seemed to be arranging the blankets. On returning, the same man was seen repeating the operation. Andrew supposed he must be one of the helpers, but Gregg became suspicious and accosted the stranger. Something in the breadth of shoulders looked familiar to Andrew, and when he got a glimpse of the features, he saw it was none other than his old acquaintance, Blossom, but how changed! The fellow made no reply, but seeing he was spotted by the officer, bolted down in front of the wagon between the horses, striking the pavement just in time to land in the arms of another policeman, who yanked him up, standing. There was a brief struggle, and something in Blossom's hand flashed sharply. It was a gun, but before he could use it the officer's night-stick was playing a lively tattoo on his head. Then there was a click of the bracelets snapped on his wrists, and Blossom was led away under arrest.

"The rat was robbing the dead," said Gregg

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gruffly. "The boys will probably give him the third degree down at the station."

That sullen, sorrowful night, as Andrew rode the creeping cable homeward, he felt ten years older. A weight of sadness was hanging about his neck like a millstone. Gloom, heavy and crushing, was upon every countenance; the city was as though wrapped in a mantle of crêpe.

Down at the Art Academy no one was working very industriously for a fortnight, and when our friend made his appearance, a flood of questions assailed him. As to Texas' whereabouts he knew nothing, but he feared the worst. Tears stood in many eyes while the students lounged in little groups discussing the catastrophe. They gathered about Andrew, showering congratulations for his escape; even DeLancey, whose breath strongly suggested a distillery, wrung Andrew's hand in a fatherly way, and chanted in a hoarse whisper that *the great and merciful God was surely with him*. Later, his gratitude assumed such proportions that he invited Andrew to the storeroom, meanwhile tapping his hip pocket as an indication that something was needed as a nerve steadier.

Out in the office, Prof. and Mrs. Dupré were trying vainly to comfort the well-nigh delirious mother of Texas, to whom they had telegraphed the day before. The stricken woman walked constantly to and fro, wringing her hands and moaning, "O my boy, my boy! Can't they find him? Can't they do something?" Finally she wore herself out, and sank dejectedly into a seat. Alas! Her case was but a

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prototype of a hundred other unfortunate mothers, who were even then beseeching the Almighty to spare them that bitter cup.

Andrew scarcely knew or cared what he did. He could not work, and wandered from morgue to morgue with that horror clutching at his heart. The dead he inspected carefully, hoping that somewhere a clue might be found, leading to identification. Would this horrible nightmare of weeping friends, sighing officials and fatherless children never cease? One instance Andrew could never forget: he had gone on his fruitless search to a west-side morgue and there, side by side, lay the bodies of four daughters and a father, so the officer told him. They were evidently people of refinement and means, for the blackened fingers sparkled with jewelled rings.

It seemed that the happy family had attended the *matinée*, and when the fire occurred only the mother escaped. There was nothing on their bodies by which identification was possible. Already decomposition was setting in, and it would be but a matter of a few hours when they must needs be interred, unknown. Andrew passed along to the next and the next, but saw no familiar form. Suddenly an unearthly shriek rang through the morgue, and a black-robed, heavily-veiled woman threw herself prostrate upon the floor beside the little girls' bodies.

"My daughters, my daughters! O, my God!" she sobbed in agony, writhing and moaning and planting kisses on the little blackened hands. The heart-broken mother had found her loved ones. A little terrier dog, wearing a richly-chased gold collar, had

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followed his mistress, and his grief, too, was pitiful to see, whining in his mute dog-like way as he sniffed at his former master's shoes.

An attendant kindly lifted the stricken woman to her feet and tried to calm her, but in vain. Andrew could endure no more, and as he turned at the door, he saw the woman's face go suddenly white as chalk under her veil, the next moment she fell into the attendant's arms in a dead faint.

A sadder New Year's never dawned upon a stricken city. Go where you might in that great metropolis, a funeral gloom hung over the holiday. As for Andrew, he was heartsick, homesick—completely broken. Hoping to hear something of interest, he had gone downtown early in the forenoon, but with no heart for work.

At the corner of Madison and State streets he passed a quartette of white funeral cars, bound for Mt. Carmel. A large official-looking man who stood near, remarked; "That's the whole family wiped out." Going from Madison to Jackson, Andrew passed no less than five different funeral corteges; always the same shadow of death. Would he ever escape it?

Down on Jackson he met Gregg, and that corpulent individual was the picture of despair. He told Andrew that for three nights he had slept only a couple of hours, being on special duty at the scorched theatre. In answer to Andrew's eager question, he said they had found Texas, and only that afternoon the mother had claimed the body. Gregg remarked in his gruff way, "That sucker sure

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was a hero. I talked with Sergeant Bulger, who helped carry out the dead near the front of the auditorium, and what do you think he told me? Texas was found under a heap, badly burned, left arm burned to a crisp, and dead as a mackerel, and clasped tightly in his right arm was the form of a beautiful, golden-haired girl, probably ten years of age. Texas had removed his coat and wrapped it about her. She was unscathed by the fire and alive, though nearly asphyxiated. It required a hard pull to separate her from her protector's death grip, but the doctor gave her the oxygen and she is recovering."

Filled with loneliness and an aching void, Andrew returned to the Art Academy, where he lingered only a short hour. That hour was occupied in packing up his meager belongings. Dupré looked surprised when his pupil appeared, grip in hand, but noticing the troubled look, said pleasantly, "Where are you going, Mr. Behrens?"

"I think perhaps I'll—that is—I guess I'll go down to Jonesville," stammered Andrew.

The Strontium Crystal.

IT IS unnecessary to mention here the disasters which had overtaken the American army at the beginning of 1813, but there was little cheer in their camp since General Winchester's command had been badly worsted at the River Raisin, nearly the whole force being wiped out by blood-thirsty Indians under Chief Tecumtha and General Proctor, who is said to have made special inducements for the braves to hunt American scalps. Suffice it to say the spirit of the American army was then at a low ebb, and it remained for the men of the lake navy—though it could hardly be called a navy since it was not yet born—to strike a blow which would beard the British lion in his den and redeem the fortunes of "Brother Jonathan."

Congress saw fit to select for this important work a young man not then twenty-eight years of age, who had never smelled powder—Oliver H. Perry of Rhode Island, formerly midshipman in the navy—and we open this narrative with the hero before us, a remarkably good-looking officer, scion of naval officers—for his father, peace to his ashes, had served in the Revolution. At this time young Perry was in the flower of his manhood—a man of dashing appearance, brown-eyed and prepossessing—and one who could grace any drawing-room in Washing-

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ton as well as the quarter-deck, though such was not his mission. Neither did he believe in drawing-room officers, and the uniform which he wore meant action and results, rather than pomp and gilt lace.

He had improvised a shipyard at Erie, a favorable harbor a few miles east of where now stands the city of Sandusky, Ohio, on the shores of Lake Erie, and on the morning of the 5th of May, 1813, this little harbor was the scene of activity such as only the throes of war can afford. As an overwhelming climax to the many trials of the Commodore, it was found, that after launching his largest vessels, they drew so much water that strenuous means were required to get them over the sand-bar at the mouth of the harbor; and so we find Perry, and the second in command, Lieut. Kemble, U. S. N., working like beavers, shoulder to shoulder with sailors and roustabouts. And it was yet several days before they had the satisfaction of seeing the entire fleet riding at anchor outside.

But the laborious effort was more than repaid by the fine appearance presented by the squadron, dressed in fresh paint, newly rigged, with snowy sails, and looking in fact quite formidable, with everything shipshape—except a sufficient quota of men to man it. Then the Commodore groaned inwardly, for well he knew their impotence to cope with Barclay's towering ships of war, and seadogs boasting of a hundred fights. With the undisciplined crews and insufficient armament, the outcome could be little short of disaster for Perry—but he was "game".

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At this opportune moment, sails hove to in the offing, the American fleet beat a hasty call to quarters, and clumsily addressing themselves to the guns, waited for the expected annihilation; but it didn't come. As the Commodore had surmised, the new arrivals were the lesser lights of the British flotilla, under Capt. Robert H. Barclay, who had been lying at Malden for the winter. The Americans, of course, weighed anchor, and stood out to meet the enemy: but to their surprise Barclay crowded on all sail possible, and stood north-west—the affair becoming a chase, which drew the Americans well up in the Detroit river—for the British commander had simply reconnoitered, but had no stomach for fighting, inasmuch as his largest boat, the "Detroit", was still on the stocks at Malden.

Perry, in the "Lawrence", his flagship, set every stitch of sail, but with her low masts and fat bows she was no match in speed for the British frigates. Barclay had no desire to engage just then, and he "hot-footed it" in order to get under the protection of batteries at Malden.

During that night a desultory firing was kept up between the batteries and the Americans, without much effect, though there stands to-day, below Detroit, the venerable mansion bearing scars of some of Perry's well-directed shots fired from "Long Toms" at an approximate distance of perhaps two miles. And perchance, if you would take a stroll up to the city-hall, you would find the same staunch old cast-iron piece which planted that shot; or, if you visit the wharf, perhaps deeply imbedded in the mud,

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you might find another of those old heroes. What ignoble uses we make of our relics!

The next morning was bright and clear, and the American ships presented a gala-day appearance, with flags snapping in the breeze, sails being unreefed, ropes swishing through blocks mingled with the brusque commands of officers, and above all the glorious blue skies of summer. On the forward deck of the "Lawrence", a regiment of marines stood at attention, while the Executive Officer passed through on inspection, and the band played "Yankee Doodle." Perry's eagle eye took in all these details with a sweep, and knowing his squadron could accomplish nothing by bombarding the batteries, he resolved to retrace his steps. With considerable disappointment he gave the command "weigh anchor": and the fleet headed south-east by south. Shortly before the noon hour, the high promontory of Gibraltar came in sight from the mast-head. "Reef mainsail" came ringing down the wind from ship to ship, as the sloping decks yawed, and the wheelmen ground the spokes to change the course. At 3:30 p. m., the flagship dropped anchor in twenty fathoms of water, and within three hundred yards of the shores of Put-in-Bay.

The Commodore and his second in command, Lieut. Kemble, immediately put off in the long-boat to explore the island, which was well wooded. They had hoped to find a spring where the water-butts might be replenished, but nothing of the sort was seen until sundown, when Perry and Kemble had wandered by themselves some distance inland

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through the tangled creepers, festooned wild grapes and heavy undergrowth with which the island seemed to be covered. Presently an opening was observed a few hundred feet in advance, and soon they emerged from the surrounding timber into a rocky amphitheater, where no shrubbery or vegetation could grow—nothing but a few half-strangled creepers in the crevices of the rock here and there.

From the opposite side of this amphitheater, a stream entered and wound tortuously between the rocks, echoing as it flowed along—not unlike a purling meadow-brook—and the Commodore, being thirsty from his long tramp, stooped and drank, finding the water clear, and cold as ice. Kemble followed the stream some distance, and was surprised to find, not, as he had anticipated, a spring, but instead, the little rivulet seemed to lose itself beneath a large boulder, which gave forth hollow sounds when struck with a pistol butt. Night was upon them, however, and they hastily left the place and returned to the boat. During the short interval of returning to the flag-ship, neither Perry nor Kemble broached the subject of the spring to the men, but stated that they had found plenty of water for drinking-purposes. There the matter rested.

The wind had lulled with the sinking of the sun, and the water in the little bay was as smooth as a mill-pond. Perry ordered the ship's lanterns lighted, and at the signal, the outlying sloops weighed anchor, and moved close in. The stillness of the late summer night was broken by the clanking of chains grinding through hawse-pipes, and the creaking of

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newly-slung blocks. Dark, wet-looking clouds overspread the heavens; in the forests ashore, millions of tireless katydids piped their ceaseless lay.

Perry and Kemble remained on deck until nearly midnight, discussing the probabilities of an encounter with Barclay, which they knew must come soon: for the British Commodore had also strained every sinew to complete his flag-ship, the "Detroit". She was to be a powerful man-of-war when finished, manned with Britain's best, and the outcome looked dubious indeed for the American fleet, hampered as it was, with a motley array consisting of a few disciplined officers, and crews of "land lubbers" mostly, who were having their first dose of seamanship—and a sorry job they made of it.

After a particularly discouraging argument, Kemble turned in, and soon snored heavily, but not for long. He was aroused by the clank of heavy boots on the hatch over his head—the watch had rushed to the companionway bellowing like a loon: "Light on shore, Sir." Kemble stepped into his slippers, and hurried above, where he found Perry talking excitedly and the first officer, Mr. Johns, straining his eyes to peer shoreward.

Being so suddenly aroused from heavy sleep, Kemble had to wait some seconds before he could get his vision adapted to the distance. Then he saw a brilliant ball of light, which seemed as large as the ship's lantern, moving slowly about among the tree-boles near the water—now emerging—now disappearing—apparently at a height of five feet above the ground. Gradually it traveled to the left, mov-

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ing as though carried by some invisible hand, and glimmering on the trees. Outside its zone, all was black as Erebus. By this time the whole crew of the "Lawrence" were clustered forward, watching the strange beacon and talking in husky whispers. Kemble crossed over and stood by the Commodore's side, trying hard to speak: but his tongue was dry. At last Perry broke the silence.

"What in God's name is it?" he said, huskily. "Surely no human hand is carrying that lantern, and besides, this island is uninhabited, is it not, Lieutenant?"

Kemble did not answer at once, though he was not superstitious in the least, and under any other circumstances would have scoffed at such a statement.

"You might hail him, Commodore, and see what his errand is this time of night" said Kemble, with a laugh meant to be sarcastic, though somehow it did not sound quite natural.

"Hail him yourself: my throat is dry," said Perry, rather impatiently.

Promptly enough, Kemble mounted the rail, clutching the back-stay, and in stentorian tones threw his voice into the night. The cry awoke the echoes from far and near, and they seemed to repeat a dozen times from shore to ship alternately, and from island to island, dying at last far out in the Lake. Directly, the prolonged rumble of a distant approaching thunder-storm seemed to start in the south quarter, and rolled away in the dark skies, followed by a stray raindrop here and there; then all was quiet again.

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Twice and thrice he hailed the pallid flickering thing out there, but only the mocking reverberations against Gibraltar's rock answered, and Kemble swung himself to the deck with a creepy feeling. Perry uttered a low "Humph" or an imprecation and said, "Perhaps he didn't hear you, Lieutenant."

Meanwhile the voices of the crew swelled into a loud rumble, as they conversed among themselves. The light moved slowly and steadily to and fro, and seemed to grow larger: or was it coming nearer? It advanced to the water's edge, and hung there perhaps for five minutes, shining brightly, throwing ghostly shadows on the near-by shrubbery, and a brilliant phosphorescent track downward into the limpid shallows.

Presently it moved again to the right, and vice versa, all the time coming nearer; till not over fifty fathoms from the "Lawrence's" starboard quarter, it paused and burned with a bluish light, throwing sharp reflections and black shadows on the white faces of the crew. Kemble turned his gaze forward, just in time to catch the gleam of muskets and cutlasses—the crew had armed themselves.

Suddenly the "will-o'-the-wisp" winked and went out,—leaving the darkness black as tar. Their faces were puckered and eyes blinking from gazing at its brilliance, and for several minutes not a word was uttered. Finally Perry broke the rather painful silence, with the command, "Tumble below, men, and retire; there is no harm done. This light is nothing but the '*ignis fatuus*.'"

What the "*ignis fatuus*" was, none of the crew

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had the least idea; but they obeyed as to going below, though there was no sleep for them. They sat on bunks and lockers, smoking, and speculating upon the "ignis" till the breakfast-call sounded.

At the close of morning muster, calling Kemble into his cabin, Perry laid before him on the table a sparkling stone crystal, transparent, six-sided, and as big as your finger; the facets or sides of which were regular as though fashioned by some clever artisan—together a remarkable object to Kemble, who had never seen its like.

"What do you make of it, Lieutenant?" said Perry.

After a lengthy examination, Kemble was forced to admit he would have to be shown.

"That," said Perry, seating himself comfortably opposite the Lieutenant and lighting his pipe, "is a stalactite crystal which was given to me by my father's life-long friend, Anders—Zacharias Anders—of Providence, Rhode Island; and it has a history. Anders was born in Berne, Switzerland, in 1759 or thereabouts, and came to this country to escape the press-gang, that sought to draft him into the service, which, as you know, is compulsory in that country. Previous to this, he had traveled much in Austria and Italy in pursuit of his favorite study, geology, being considered an authority on such matters. During one of his trips in the Austrian Alps, he visited a beautiful mountain-lake of high altitude, whose shores were thickly wooded, and inhabited by an abundance of game of the large type, such as deer, bears, etc., and the curious mountain goats known as chamois, but no human being within many miles.

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Anders was so charmed with the region and its facilities for his study, that he decided to remain indefinitely, and built a rude cabin, also a boat, from the straight cedars which he cut near by. The boat he used in visiting the numerous islands of the lake. One of the islands seemed to be especially low and marshy, interspersed with little wooded knolls, and contained perhaps a hundred acres more or less. Chamois were numerous there, and easy to capture, never having been frightened by the hunter. Aside from shooting these curious animals, Anders had discovered strange formations of rock on the knolls; in fact, the whole upland portion of the island seemed to be nothing but shaly rock, covered with soil of great richness.

"One day he was chasing a deer through the timber, when he fell feet-foremost into what appeared to be an abandoned burrow of some wild animal, but upon investigation proved to be the mouth of a cave extending back into the hill hundreds of feet, thence down and down till the gloom and loneliness of the thing actually frightened him from making further examination. However, he determined to see more of it, and returned the next day with a liberal supply of provisions, and dry pine-knots suitable for kindling. A torch was the most desired article: and by a dint of ingenuity one was improvised.

"The entrance to the cave was so small, that he could barely squeeze through, but once in, the passage widened gradually into a high gallery descending at an angle of 45 degrees. Following the gallery for

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a distance of four hundred feet, he came to a great cavern, whose sides he could not distinguish at all, and the roof was so high that nothing but the points of stalactites hanging in great clusters from the ceiling could be seen. These stalactites were of the same formation as this crystal lying before us, only vastly larger—some of them as much as ten feet in diameter. The air was pure and dry, and no animal or insect life was in evidence.

“Anders passed on, going, as he thought, straight ahead, but really in a large circle; for he was later surprised and disgusted to find he had returned to the identical opening where he started. Fortunately he rummaged his clothes, and found a small pocket-compass, and with it managed to keep a fairly straight course, coming at last to the further wall of the cavern, only to find it sheer, and no possible exit in sight. Here the stalactites came down low enough to be broken off by hand. Keeping close to the wall, Anders found another opening, after traversing a quarter of the circumference, probably ten feet high, which seemed to be the end of another gallery. At this point he pulled out his watch, and was surprised to find that fifteen hours had elapsed since entering the cave; in other words, he had started *at six o'clock in the morning and it was now nine o'clock at night.*

“Feeling tired and hungry, he spread a blanket upon the rough floor, and regaled himself with venison and biscuits. But one torch remained, and since the life of a torch was at best only about eight hours, it was necessary that he hastily retrace his steps

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lest he be left in total darkness deep in the bowels of the earth. Hurriedly he started on the return trip, picking his way around the roughest and rockiest parts of the floor. Soon it dawned upon him that getting out was vastly harder than getting in—besides, he was fatigued. The watch indicated eleven o'clock, and still no side wall was reached. What if he had misjudged the direction and was lost? The floor of the cavern was rougher at every step and now nothing could be seen above—all was blackness. Plainly he was not in his former path. Great stalagmites sprang from the floor; some of them as high as a man, some as high as a church, their thousand-and-one pinnacles glistening like diamonds in the light of his pine-knot torch.

“Though thoroughly frightened at his predicament, Anders’ love of the beautiful would not be stilled, and he could scarcely tear himself away from such a galaxy of Nature’s jewels. Meanwhile the torch was nearly consumed, and as yet no signs of the outer world were apparent. Gradually the floor became smoother, and progress easier; the surface began to ascend, and stalactites appeared above. Following these hopeful signs, he came to a hole in the side-wall, thence into a narrow gallery which led to the open air, and not a minute too soon; for at this juncture the torch spluttered and went out, burning his fingers.

“Daylight was just breaking over the mountain-tops, and Anders was *dumbfounded to find himself, not, as he had expected, on the island, but seventeen miles from the nearest shore of the lake, nearly dead*

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from exhaustion, with nothing to eat but berries, and such game as he could bag.

"Next day he made the return-trip to his cabin, and found that in addition to seventeen miles, he must travel half the circumference of the lake. This crystal was all that he possessed as a souvenir of the experience—he had broken it off with his hammer early in the adventure.

"Ill-luck still pursued him; before he could again visit the cave, the Government learned of his whereabouts, and he was obliged to flee to America. In New York City he met my father, and a close friendship sprung up between them. Father spent many happy days in Anders' company, often beseeching him to come to Newport to reside, which he finally did, and his demise occurred there three years ago, but he always maintained to his dying day that if the Government had not interfered he would have given to the world one of the greatest discoveries of the age—a gigantic cave composed of almost pure strontium calcium, worth its weight in gold, and hard to get at that.

"Anders always talked of the day when he would return to the scene of his adventure, and unravel the mystery of that mighty cave. During his residence in this country he visited Niagara, and took a trip on the Lakes, coming to these islands—in fact it was he who called my attention to this harbor. He also said that the formation of these islands convinced him that strontium rock-caves existed, and to be frank with you, I believe that is the explanation of the disappearing stream we saw yesterday."

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Kemble was fascinated with the tale, and enthusiastically proposed that they visit the island at once and search for the hidden cave; but Perry declined, saying that he had promised shore leave to a portion of the crews that day, and he did not wish to take them into his confidence.

However, as soon as possible, they again visited the island, this time fully provided with a small lantern and compass, also a few feet of fine stout rope, which they managed to conceal under their blankets. The boatswain looked suspiciously at the blankets, as he swung their boat on the davits and lowered away, but discreetly said nothing.

Safely ashore, they lost no time in discarding their coats and waistcoats, and donning oilskins and sou'westers; thus they sallied forth. After several hours of fruitless search all around the rocky amphitheater, they were discouraged and hungry, and Kemble proposed that they return to the boat for refreshments; but he noticed a dead tree some little distance away. The whole side of its trunk from top to bottom was riven as though by a thunderbolt, and the tree stood at a sharp angle to the westward. Indeed, it appeared to be poised so delicately, that a breath of air would send it crashing to the ground. Upon investigation, it was found that the roots on the east side were high above the soil, and looked as though an undermining process had been begun, either by some wild animal or the elements.

They had fetched a boat-hook having a handle some ten feet in length; Perry threw the hook into the half-decayed trunk as high as he could reach.

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The hook held, and Kemble took hold. Together they tugged—once, twice—and the third pull brought the tree to earth. And would you believe it? Right under the roots was a dark hole, going down indefinitely. Some soil had been dislodged, and sifted slowly into the opening; otherwise it was clear.

Quickly lighting their trusty lard-oil lantern, they let themselves carefully into the cavity, stepping from rock to rock. Soon they struck bottom: and going a few paces, emerged into a large cavern, whose sides were a mass of conglomerate crystals, sparkling and scintillating like a thousand stars. They kept on, coming to the end of this hall, whence another passage led to a room much larger. Stalactites and stalagmites were numerous here, some of them forming beautiful pillars—perfectly round, and white as snow.

Perry was delighted with the outcome of his surmises, but somewhat disappointed at the small size of the cave. Carefully they searched the surrounding walls for signs of another gallery: but none existed, save where they had entered. Near the wall was a large flat boulder thirteen inches thick, and possibly three feet in diameter. Kemble struck it with his pistol-butt, and was surprised at the hollow metallic ring; they tried to move the stone, but it was too heavy. Finally they went above and cut a stout boxwood lever, with which a "bight" was secured sufficient to hoist the boulder. It had lain over a fissure large enough for a man to work his body through. They tied several feet of rope to the lantern, and payed out gradually.

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The light showed the shaft to be much the same as the former one, and at a depth of ten feet, the lantern struck bottom. Kemble stepped in, and clawed his way down gingerly, followed by Perry.

They found themselves in a sort of descending level, whose ceiling was barely high enough for a man to walk upright. The rock formation was tinged with yellow, and there was a continual drip, drip of sulphurous water from above, which seemed to percolate through the natural masonry of the roof. Fascination in their work made the two men totally oblivious to the swarms of bats which inhabited the cave, circling around their heads, and uttering queer sounds. Another thing which they had not sensed at first, was a reverberating roar, that seemed to come from afar.

"Thunderstorm brewing above, probably," said Kemble.

"Nothing of the sort, my son," answered Perry. "To my mind, there is a subterranean river somewhere in this hole, and we are going to find it pretty quick, by the sounds that come from our left."

Numerous stalagmites and stalactites now compelled them to take a dodging crooked course: but they slowly worked ahead. The floor was rocky, and full of fissures like the surface of a lava river; as they advanced, the roar became louder, till they suddenly emerged into a vast cavern, whose sides were sheer precipices—and no stalactites appeared above. In fact, nothing indicated the presence of any roof: all was black as a vault aloft, and curiously enough a strong draught of air from somewhere struck their

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faces. The sickly glow of the lantern threw fantastic shadows across the floor, and the sound of rushing roaring waters was like the bellowing of Niagara, filling the cave with a pandemonium of echoes.

Along the floor, they advanced a hundred feet, and came to a canyon or rift in the rock, whose width might have been eight feet in places: but for the most part, the opposite wall could not be touched with the pike. Lowering the lantern as far as their rope would permit, they fastened it to the pike-handle, which they laid across the fissure in its narrowest place. Gazing down into the gulch, they could catch a glimpse of dark waters churned to a froth, as they rushed along in the tortuous channel. At intervals the lashing surges threw their white crests nearly as high as the lantern.

Perry was completely overwhelmed by the magnificence of their discovery, and the subterranean river. He was loath to leave the cave, though he knew it must be well along in the afternoon, and they had eaten nothing since morning. Empty stomachs put a damper on their enthusiasm, and they reluctantly returned to the upper air, with many speculations as to the source of the hidden river. Could it be a vast subterranean body flowing hundreds of feet below the rocky bed of Lake Erie and entirely independent of the latter, or was it a great sewer drawing away to unknown depths the waters of the Lake? They could present no satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, nor has any one since; and it remains as much of a mystery today as it was then.

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Nothing of consequence occurred to vary the monotony of drill and gun practice aboard the fleet for the next few days. The Commodore busied himself with putting the armament in fighting trim; the regiment of marines which the "Lawrence" carried were becoming very efficient marksmen under the tutelage of second Lieutenant McDonald of the "Niagara", and the "land-lubbers" who had been shipped to fill out the crews, were rapidly getting their sea legs. Each day while the weather permitted, the Commodore—glass in hand—took up his vigil on the summit of Gibraltar Rock some thirty feet above the water, where he could easily discover the first faint smudge on the horizon in the north-west quarter, expecting hourly the approach of Barclay's fleet.

The morning of September 10th dawned clear and warm, finding the crews of the fleet chafing with restraint, meanwhile gazing almost wistfully in the north-west quarter. Anything was preferable to this humdrum routine of scrubbing decks, morning muster, shooting at nothing for practice, and daily swimming-contests.

The Commodore and his second in command sat well forward under a yellow awning, both dressed in full uniform: for Perry believed in keeping up an official appearance at all times, and he was neatness itself in dress. There was a light breeze, which whipped rope-ends against masts and booms, and gently ruffled the surface of the bay, but hardly sufficient to straighten the "Lawrence's" ensign flying at the masthead. Perry ordered the long-boat launched,

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and soon eight burly seamen were bending in unison, as the oars dipped and feathered, sending the light craft jauntily over the ripples toward Gibraltar, where they soon beached, and the Commodore—glass in hand—mounted the summit of the rock.

After some moments spent in contemplating the beautiful prospect of surrounding islands refreshingly green, studded like emeralds in the bosom of the lake, he trained his glass in the northwest quarter. To his surprise, three sails were visible; directly two more popped above the horizon—then another. The breeze had now freshened and chopped the water to a dark blue; the whitecaps running outside the harbor, sparkled in the sunlight. The distant ships came up in the wind like gulls, their sails white as snow, and enlarged rapidly in the glass—showing that they were full-rigged brigs.

Perry's excitement was epidemic with the men, as they hastily pushed off. At the same moment, the cry of "sail ho" rang from the "Lawrence's" tops. The fleet was quickly changed from its lazy attitude, to the grimness of a fighting armada. In less than thirty minutes, every anchor was up, sails set, and the whole squadron stood out of Put-in-Bay in open order, and drew away to meet the foe. As the latter came seething and yawing up in the eye of the wind, they looked like castles towering above the water; every sail was set to the breeze, and bellying hard as iron with the tremendous pressure. Faintly borne on the wind, came the strains of music from the British boats, growing more distinct until the Americans could catch the notes—the bands were playing

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"Rule Britannia." Barclay's flagship, the "Detroit", led in line, followed by the "Queen Charlotte" and four consorts, six in all—mounting sixty-three guns.

Perry glanced dubiously at his short carronades; for it was evident at once that the heavy guns of the "Detroit" could play awful havoc with him before he could get within range; but Kemble assured the Commodore that the "Long Toms" 'tween decks would "cut chunks out of the Britisher's lower decks" as he expressed it.

At this point, Barclay shortened sail on the "Detroit", which example was followed by the "Lawrence." Perry had given his captains elaborate instructions as to the procedure to be followed, and no anxiety was felt on his part; as they were all experienced men, and much older than himself.

Kemble passed aft among the men, giving words of encouragement; also ordered the powder-monkeys to sand the decks, for well he knew that ere long they would be slippery with blood. The magazine was opened, and down below, the sailors patted the breeches of the guns as they waited in an ominous silence for the command to open fire. The air was heavy with the smell of burning matches; here and there a jackey could be seen to slyly draw from his pocket some picture of sweetheart or other dear one, bestow a long lingering glance, then return it with a suggestion of moisture on his eyelids: for we must remember that many of these sailor-lads were mere boys, who had never seen a fighting-ship till they enlisted with Perry.

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The boatswain's whistle shrilled to the tops, calling the men forward. The Commodore mounted a gun-slide with the ship's colors over his shoulder, and thus addressed his men: "Men, this flag was given me by the patriotic ladies of Erie, God bless them! It contains the last words of the brave Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?"

"Aye, aye, Sir," was the deafening response from a hundred throats.

Soon "Old Glory" mounted to the tops; and as it caught the breeze, the whole squadron saw those memorable words, "Don't Give Up the Ship." A lusty cheer rolled down the line, and was repeated. Fired with their young commander's enthusiasm, the crews returned to quarters.

Meantime, the enemy was rapidly coming within range, and aboard the "Detroit", Barclay's men stood impatiently at the guns, wrought up to a nervous pitch which is never felt except when about to hurl the deadly grape for the first time. The Union Jack mounted jerkily to her tops, and a cheer swept down the British line, but it hardly drowned the bands which until now had pealed forth across the water.

At precisely two o'clock, a puff of white smoke belched from the "Detroit's" forward twelve-pounder, followed an instant later by a deep-throated detonation: and the battle was on. The first shot went wild of the mark, and ricocheted beyond the "Lawrence."

Perry replied with his long guns first, later with his carronades: but it was evident that he would

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have to close in with the enemy at once, so much greater was the range of their guns. As yet he had taken in little sail; and the "Lawrence" was bowling along at a twelve-knot speed, rapidly nearing the "Detroit", which had ported her helm in order to broadside. Almost before he knew it, Perry was in direct combat with the three heaviest British frigates, and their broadsides were tearing and cutting his flagship's rigging like fiery hail.

Broadside answered broadside with exceeding rapidity, and as the "Lawrence" swung around, an unlucky shot passed through one of her lower ports, piercing her through and through. That shot killed seven men, and disabled two gun-crews. Blood began to flow freely. Kemble, while superintending the training of a port gun, received a musket-ball through the arm, from the high tops of the "Detroit." Almost simultaneously a broadside raked the "Lawrence's" decks, and every man who happened to be on the starboard side was either killed or disabled. Truly, the heavy iron of the British was beginning to tell.

On board the "Niagara", things were going much better, for she had succeeded in raking the "Queen Charlotte" fore and aft with "long toms": and her captain ordered the men to train the guns on the mainmast of the "Charlotte", which had already been pierced twice. As luck would have it, the "Charlotte", having taken in every stitch of sail, had no headway for steering, and drifted squarely around. Thus far her casualties had been small: but directly the "Niagara" broadsided again, and raked the decks

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to a man; the mainmast went by the board also, while the "Niagara" had scarcely been hit by a half-dozen shots.

On board the "Detroit" everybody was hopeful; every shot from her brass pieces tore the "Lawrence's" decks fearfully, and Perry saw his men swept by the terrible deluge of cannon-balls, like chaff before the wind. But he was as cool as a veteran, running everywhere, helping his men to train the guns, or more properly gun, since but one could be handled on deck, so hot was the fire from Barclay.

"Signal Close Action" shouted Perry, as he ran forward, stepping gingerly over the mutilated bodies and débris. He realized that unless something intervened at once, the battle was lost as far as the flagship was concerned. "Set the sails!" was the next command. Meantime, marines stationed in the "Detroit's" tops, were constantly picking off Perry's gunners: and to attempt to handle the tangled rigging in the face of such a fire, was almost madness. But Perry was desperate. Presently the "Lawrence's" tattered sails began to pull, the helm was put over as she tried to close with her adversary: but Barclay must have anticipated the manœuvre, for he broadsided again, and the "Lawrence's" foremast went over with a crash, taking every vestige of standing rigging; she was now a helpless wreck, with just fourteen men alive, including Perry's fourteen-year-old brother, who acted as powder-monkey, and faced the awful carnage like an old salt. The flag fell on deck, and Barclay ceased firing, thinking the American Commodore had surrendered. In the

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lull, Perry ordered the long-boat manned, and soon they were speeding over the water toward the "Niagara."

About this time, Barclay discovered the true state of affairs, and ordered his men to concentrate their fire on the long-boat. Shot and shell fairly rained around Perry and his brave seamen, but he passed on miraculously unhurt, boarded the "Niagara", and hoisted his flag. As yet this ship had sustained very little damage, and Perry bore down the whole British line, broadsiding right and left. Getting in close to the "Detroit", he poured forth a hot deluge of iron.

Barclay was somewhat taken aback by this sudden change of affairs, and his surprise turned to despair when his guns became disabled, and two-thirds of his men lay on the bloody decks, either dead or wounded. In manœuvering for a position, the "Detroit" had fouled the "Queen Charlotte", and Perry, taking advantage of this mishap, poured two terrible broadsides into the tangled ships. That volley practically decided the battle, and it is claimed that in less than eight minutes after reaching the "Niagara", Perry had won the fight. Be this as it may, the British Admiral, having absolutely no sound men to fight his guns, was compelled to surrender to an enemy whom he thought vanquished.

As the smoke lifted, it revealed the awful carnage of war; the two fleets commingled, shattered, wrecked.

Perry returned to the "Lawrence's" bloody deck, and received the surrender, magnanimously returning Barclay's sword, with a compliment. After an

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inspection, it was decided to burn the "Lawrence", as she was well-nigh in a sinking condition.

The dead and wounded were transferred to the "Niagara," and at 5:30 Perry himself applied the torch to the doomed vessel. The fleets returned to Put-in-Bay with 200 prisoners in the holds. That evening they buried the bloody dead on shore in a huge pit some three rods back. A silvery moon rode high in the heavens and the scene was one none could forget, as the gray-haired chaplain read the short burial service in the presence of the assembled crews. Perry stood by his side, and held a lantern, which cast yellow reflections on their ruddy faces. Beyond, in a widening circle, the remainders of the crews waited in a solemn hush; their bandaged heads bowed in an attitude of sadness.

Kemble, whose arm was painng him exceedingly, had to remain in his bunk, much to his disgust; but the ordeal was less trying because of the companionship of Captain Barclay, who was severely wounded. This estimable officer, though vanquished and disgraced, suffering intense pain, did not seem to be disheartened, and Kemble decided that a truer gentleman he had not met in many a day.

Sitting in his cabin that night, Perry wrote by the light of a slush lamp his famous message, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours;" and great was the rejoicing in Gen. Harrison's camp upon its receipt.

The surgeon had found the bone of Kemble's arm slightly shattered, and expressed the opinion that it would not heal readily without a period of rest. The

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next day the Lieutenant was taken suddenly delirious, and blood-poison developed. There being no accommodations on board for the sick, it was decided to send him to Fort Niagara on a furlough. One of the captured vessels carrying the prisoners and wounded, departed next day with Perry and Kemble, accompanied by Gen. Harrison.

The Commodore was very grave as he superintended the transfer of Kemble's stretcher to the sloop, for in the short time they had been thrown together, he had become very much attached to his able subaltern, the Lieutenant being his senior by about three years; and Perry was wont to turn to him for assistance in solving many serious problems.

On Bass Island, the brilliant greens of summer were now turning to Autumn's melancholy brown, and the day was dark and gloomy with low hanging clouds. Lake Erie's stormy tantrum was beginning to be manifest, for the water was a dirty gray in color, chopped by heavy swells running white-capped and sullen, as the departing sloop passed away to the eastward; the "Niagara" fired a parting salute from her ten-pounders, and the autumn haze swallowed up the outgoing craft, leaving the fleet to its destiny; but it was as the loss of a master wheel—the life and spirit went away in the sloop, and what remained was the lifeless clay.

Lieutenant Kemble was worn to a shadow and in a stupor, when they landed him at Erie, thence taking him by slow stages to Fort Niagara.

* * * * *

The day was drawing to a close at the stockade,

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and as the sun went to rest behind a sooty bank of clouds, the sentinel on the ramparts drew his heavy coat more closely around his throat: for a blustering, chilling wind swept the corner of the parapet.

A deep boom, followed by a white sulphurous cloud which was flecked leeward by the roistering gale, reverberated through the air from the firing of the sunset gun at Fort Niagara, and an observer might have seen the flag descend jerkily to the ground; soon the gloom of early winter's evening would shroud the town in darkness.

Down in the barrack a very pale, emaciated young man was lying on a cot, bolstered up on pillows; while a plump damsel of twenty-five or thereabouts, dressed in large-figured calicoes and a nurse's apron of the whitest linen, bustled to and fro with bottles of medicine and spoons. Presently a large, rough-looking man, wearing green glasses, made his appearance, and seated himself beside the patient, taking a thin wrist in each of his heavy hands. The comely nurse stood close by, anxiously awaiting the doctor's verdict.

"Well, Dolly," the doctor said, (he always called her by a pet name) "I guess he will pull through, but he must be very quiet; you must not talk to him today nor tomorrow, remember, quiet is the word."

It would have warmed your heart to see the pleased expression on her face, and the rich red blood mount to her rounded cheeks. The patient, though in a half-stupor—heard, and smiled a wan smile, too.

"And his arm, Doctor, do you think you can save

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it?" was her eager query, as the physician was preparing to depart, after some minutes.

Standing with one hand on the door, bundled up to his ears in a great-coat, the rough old surgeon looked anything but a professional man, and gentleness was not one of his every-day traits; but he patted her cheek, and smiled knowingly. "Yes, Dolly, I think I shall be able to pull the chap out with a very good pair of arms, at least I'll try,"—and he was gone.

Alice St. Clare, for it was she, returned to the cot, and pressed a caress on the fevered brow of the unconscious sufferer.

The next morning, the surgeon did not call until a late hour; and as Alice was busying herself about the barrack-room, tidying the place, she was surprised to hear her name spoken, in almost a whisper. Quickly she turned, and clasped Kemble's hand, while he studied her a moment through half-opened eyes. "Thank God," he said faintly, "it is Alice."

"Where am I, dear?" was his next effort of speech.

"You are at Niagara, Claude, and the doctor says you must not talk." Suiting the action to the word, Alice playfully placed a slim hand over his mouth, and Kemble dropped into a refreshing slumber.

But he did talk, in due season—at any rate the Dominie was called in at an early date, and we have his word that the favors were numerous and costly: for Alice St. Clare since early childhood had been the favorite of officers and men alike at the Fort.

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Among the presents which she proudly displayed in the main room of the barracks, was a beautiful miniature of a full-rigged fighting frigate, complete to the figurehead even, carved very ingeniously from the snow-white quartz rock—and the tag thereon read thus: *"To my honored and trusted Lieutenant, Claude Kemble, from his late Commodore, Oliver Hazelton Perry. May your lives be one long sweet song of prosperity and happiness."*

My Closest Shave.

BOONESVILLE is a small burg somewhere on the quaint old St. Joseph river up in Michigan; and it has been the same little burg for fifty years, with never a spasm of booming such as some towns are wont to experience. Indeed, with reasonable care, it bids fair to remain the same insignificant, gossiping, dog-infested, brawling, God-forsaken little village, for a hundred years to come. Somebody has said that Boonesville, being on the old state road, was the first town in the county. If this be so, it should hang its head with shame; for instead of progressing, it has retroceded.

But the quiet, slow-flowing old St. Joe, winding through meadow and woodland, offers no resistance to the rushes and cat-tails, as they grow rank and tall down by the bridge. So easy is the current, that not even the ancient mill-dam, rotten with age, is tried to confine the waters.

Somehow, you wonder why I should tease you with scenes so commonplace and rural. The locality has a history, however, which gains interest each year, as the seasons come and go; and if you should pass that way some beautiful mid-summer day, pause, and if the spirit moves, throw in your well-baited line over there beyond the bridge where the gigantic green willows throw black shadows cool and refreshing across the pond, and the chances are ten

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to one that before long you'll sense a tug on the pole, and your bobber will suddenly start for the bottom. Then, if you are dextrous, a flopping, scaly denizen of the depths will land on the green sward beside the big rock, and a four-pound carp will reward your skill.

That carp, neighbor, may be a hundred, but the chances are he is at least fifty years of age, and that scar on his gills may be the identical marks of Capt. Carter's hook, left when the latter's line broke. The Captain will tell you about it for the asking, also tell you that it happened just fifty years ago, the twenty-fifth of July.

Captain Carter can tell you a good many more of his reminiscences, as he has told me in days gone past; but I think he is just beyond the big elm, and if I mistake not, is pretty busy with the rod and line, so we'll not bother him just now.

Last summer the Captain went down to Philadelphia to visit his only son, whom he hadn't seen in twenty years; and as a kind of compliment before starting, visited the barber and was shorn of a luxuriant crop of whiskers. He told the tonsorial artist to "slick 'em up good", as he wanted to look "like them city fellers"; and the result was so much better than he had anticipated, that a few straggling gray hairs which the Captain had carefully nursed for months, went by the board also, and he emerged from the shop looking like Mr. Pipp.

Upon returning home, he was greeted with horse-laughs innumerable, and the madder he got the more they chaffed and jeered.

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"Why, Grandpa, you look so funny, I can't help it," said little Marguerite, aged five. "You look jus' like a 'tittle teeny boy what's growed up to a man over night."

And he did look so comical, that the postmaster, Ezekiel Butts, asked him why the barber hadn't taken his head and left the whiskers, all of which didn't tend to increase the Captain's good humor. "Speaking of shaves," the Captain soliloquized, "puts me in mind that the closest shave I ever experienced was down at City Point, Virginny, way back in '64."

"Tell us about it," said I.

"Sure, give us the yarn, Dad," chorused the boys, gathering around the old "vet."

Nothing loath, he resumed his favorite chair in front of the post-office, and related the following:

"On the morning of August 9, 1864, the sun came up red and glaring at our camp on the Appomattox river, which we had established some three months before. We were at Broadway Landing, where we had laid two pontoon bridges. Between the Appomattox and James rivers, Ben Butler's army was lying. Officers and privates chafed and fretted at the heat, and longed for some diversion which would vary the monotony of camp life. Several of the boys, including myself and Corporal Wasson, besought the Colonel for a pass to City Point, some five miles down the James river, as it was rumored that Gen. Grant and his staff were quartered there, and anything in the nature of excitement, which

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might be looked for when the Engineer Corps was not on duty, was indeed welcome.

"Captain Pickering, very liberal with his passes that day, gave his consent. Accordingly several pontoon boats were rafted together, and the captain of a Government tug lying near was persuaded to give us a tow, which he did with some reluctance. The tug was not a greyhound at best, and when dragging a whole pontoon train, her progress was more in keeping with the lowly snail; but finally she got under way and did herself proud, arriving at City Point at 10:30 A. M., where we unloaded at the dock. Most of the boys quickly scaled the high bluff some distance back, but myself and Corporal Wasson were much interested in the operation of unloading ammunition, which was being carried on at the wharf not far from where we had landed.

"Several schooners tied up there were being lightened of powder and shells, principally by negro stevedores. Those fellows were certainly the limit for dare-devils. While we were used to facing dangers and hardships, it was nerve-racking to us to see the perfect *sang froid* with which those long-shoremen handled the big 12-inch shells. Wasson remarked that he would feel much safer if he were sitting on a keg of powder smoking a Havana, and I concurred with him heartily, suggesting that we retire to the top of the bluff.

"Tiring at last of the novelty of the thing, we passed on up the street. Not having had the services of a tonsorial artist for several weeks, I meditatively pulled my tangled locks, and proposed that

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we get a haircut. We entered a long, low building of flimsy construction, which might have been a tobacco-warehouse in its youth, but now was somewhat dilapidated. Here we found the barbers busy on various types of hirsute adornments. Wasson got his haircut first, and while waiting for me wandered about the shop, making comments; and his eye fell on an ancient coffee-mill fastened to the wall. Of course here was a chance for a pun. As Wasson slowly turned the handle, he chaffed the barber about 'grinding out his taxes,' etc.

"Very fortunately for me, the barber had just laid down his shears and was preparing some lather, when there was a terrible report. The chair upon which I was reclining turned sidewise, flipping me to the floor as neatly as you please. The walls seemed to rock and tremble, and collapsed like an egg-shell. Windows were shattered into a thousand pieces. I remembered the big mirror into which I had been gazing, and wondered if the débris would sever my jugular, for I knew it was upon my neck. My last impression of Wasson was his exit through a window, head first, coffee-mill and all; the barbers ran in all directions.

"When we came together again, we were outside in the street, with no recollection of how we got there. The air was darkened with dust and débris, and ammunition-wagons, drawn by frightened mules, some of them sorely wounded, were flying by as if blown by the concussion. One wagon, which I noticed particularly, was drawn by a pair of large mules, and they were running for dear life; in the

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bottom of the box clung the most thoroughly frightened negro I ever saw. His face was as gray as ashes, notwithstanding his ebony skin. To my last day I shall never forget the expression on that fellow's face; he was literally scared to death.

"Wasson was completely dazed, and his first question was, 'Are you hurt?' I told him 'No.' 'What in God's name has happened?' said he. My first thought was for our safety. 'Let's get out of this,' said I.

"Our faculties began to return, and I remarked that those shells had probably done the business. The whole impact of the explosion seemed to be from the wharf, and all was over in less than a minute and a half.

"Gradually we picked our way back, stepping over fragments of wagons, wreckage of buildings, dead horses, dead negroes, etc. Passing the barber shop, we noticed our colored barber lying under the ruins. The poor fellow had been struck by a falling beam, which killed him instantly; the building was a complete wreck, and how we had escaped death was a mystery. Still further down the street, we came to a little dooryard that had been resplendent with flower-beds, but was now a sad wreck. Near the door lay the owner, sprawled on the grass, with the brains oozing from a ragged wound in his head.

"Arriving at the edge of the bluff, the sight that met our gaze was heart-rending. The schooners which had contained shells were completely obliterated, and two others in the offing were said to be loaded with the same, and liable to be blown to

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atoms any moment. The guard ordered us back at once, saying he expected to be in purgatory directly should the other ammunition-boats be touched off. We took the hint without any urging, and 'legged it' for about a mile back into the country.

"After waiting about two hours, and nothing doing, we decided to return. The dock where we had previously stood, was gone, nothing remaining but skeleton timbers pinned to the piles. Numerous fragments of bodies were scattered about promiscuously, together with mutilated mules, pieces of shells, and shells entire; some of them even then were smoking. Soldiers were detailed to pick up the wounded and bury the dead, of which latter there were 108.

"Well, we went back up the James, registering a solemn vow to wipe out the Confederacy as an atonement for that murder; but the nearest we ever got to it was when we had the satisfaction, about three months later, of seeing that arch rebel, Capt. John Maxwell, pay the penalty on the scaffold."

"Supper's ready, Grandpa," came little Marguerite's lisping childish voice across the common.

"So long, boys," said the Captain. "Tell you about the mine at Fort Donelson some day."

The Sign of The Mogi.

“**Y**EP, as I was saying, those ‘Dagoes’ are queer ones,” mused old Twonik, as he carefully deposited a cascade of tobacco-juice in the corner, and proceeded to replenish the stock in his mouth with another quarter-section of plug. Twonik was now about to begin on the drain notice, which contained approximately three galleys nonpareil, but he paused, with stick uplifted, as if he meant to brain somebody, which really was a favorite attitude with him when about to begin a rattling good “yarn.”

“By the way, Johnson, did I ever tell you about the little Eyetalian who worked on the *Daily Sanscript* when I was down in New Orleans?” Meantime Twonik glanced apprehensively at the office-door before settling on a comfortable stool, for the “boys” knew the signs were right for a good story, and gathered around expectantly.

Twonik turned to the office-boy rather prematurely, saying, “See here, kid, you run over and take a peek into the sanctorium and let me know if the boss is out.”

Jimmy did as he was bidden, not forgetting to turn the key in the composing-room door as he returned. Twonik, feeling sure the coast was clear, shifted his “cud”, and launched forth as follows:

“While I was employed on the *Sanscript*, the boss experienced many difficulties, in getting good comps,

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which probably explains why I was trying to learn the art preservative at that particular time and place. Most of the printers of that time were devotees of Bacchus—so much so, that to find a good comp who would remain strictly sober for a fortnight—was like picking pearls from oyster-beds, only a durned sight more rare; and the boss, after many weary attempts to reform his help, decided to purchase a linotype, a machine practically unknown to the trade at that time, but used extensively by the big New York dailies, and manufactured by a firm there.

“Of course all hands were fairly beside themselves with curiosity concerning the new machine, even the foreman, Jerry Bedino, getting the microbe into his system. Every man in the shop talked of nothing else during the day, and probably if they had nightmares it was all laid to the same cause. To be plain with you, it became a regular ‘bogy’ with the force.

“At last the much-mooted question was settled by the arrival of the new ‘contraption’; also the expert who was to install it and act as operator, for a time at least. In due season the machine was uncrated and assembled, and such an array of levers, cams, gears and sprockets as then rose before our astonished eyes was a stunner—a combination of cunning ingenuity worthy of Satan himself. The expert gravely informed us that when his linotype was once in commission, he could set more ems in a day than the whole bloomin’ outfit; whereat a loud laugh was raised at his expense. In fact we all took our turn in guying him: so that, when a week had elapsed,

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and the machine positively refused to work, because of some misplaced part, the ridicule we heaped upon the operator's defenceless head would have caused the wooden Indian in front of the cigar-store to forsake his pedestal, and tomahawk every mother's son of us. But through it all, the expert kept sweet; and finally got his machine working, and then, how he kicked out the shining slugs!

"Things traveled along pretty smoothly after that on the *Sanscript*; but one night, the expert, true to his early training, got gloriously drunk, and coming in at 8:30 p. m., tried to run out his 'take', but he might as well have tried to brush the cobwebs off the moon, for the influence of his potations hung like a fog over a marsh. After jamming his machine two or three times, he seemed to realize the hopelessness of it all, and faded—that is, he retired to the back room, where the boss found him an hour later lying on the floor, thoroughly 'corned'. Well, it happened that we were able to loan a goodly number of comps in times of need to other offices, and so the compliment was returned that night; but we worked pretty hard on that edition, and she looked mighty nifty when she came out—sixteen columns of news, all hand-set. I hardly need to tell you that Mr. Expert was in a condition which lasted four days, at the end of which time he was duly and uncereemoniously 'canned': and he didn't care a little bit about it at that, inasmuch as he had been very sore on the foreman for a long time back, and the feeling was reciprocated.

"Well, to get down to business, the new linotype

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had to stand idle for several weeks, as no common printer could operate a machine in those days; and none wanted to try any stunts with the new 'contraption'. Meanwhile the boss fumed and swore—but what of it?

"One day, as he was blaspheming in monotones at a piece of badly-written copy, and the proof-reader was jacking up his assistant strenuously—in fact the whole front office seemed to be resting on the edge of a volcano ready to erupt at any moment—softly the front door opened, and a little brown man stepped into the sanctum. His oily greeting, 'Good day, Monsieur,' was hardly noticed by the irate proprietor, who, swearing still more savagely, glared at the aforesaid copy and suddenly jammed it onto the file with the motion of a gladiator about to deliver the *coup-de-grace*. When he finally did look, he was surprised to find before him a short, thick-set, dark little chap, whose olive skin and curly black hair plainly indicated his Eastern nativity. His eyes were as black as his hair, and they seemed to take in the whole office at a single glance. Withal, he was a perfect picture of your fruit-dealer just around the corner, but vastly more intelligent, and his face was really superb, had it not been for an ugly mark across the right temple, which looked like the scar from a saber-cut.

"In answer to the boss's questions, he replied, in halting broken English, that he was from New York City, and had learned the linotype from start to finish. He had heard that the *Sanscript* desired an operator, so there he was!

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"All queries in regard to his former work he adroitly parried, and the upshot of the matter was he was hired forthwith to take the place of the discharged expert. The boss thought he looked capable, and anything that knew a shooting-stick from a hatchet was welcome at that particular time. The next morning found us all rather skeptical about the new man, and the foreman intimated to some of the boys that if the forunner, as he called him, stayed two days, it would be a hoodoo on the whole force. The boys didn't seem to take kindly to the *rara avis*; in fact they froze stiff right from the beginning.

"The new operator worked like a Trojan, but that wasn't all the passport he needed to the good-will of the foreman.

"It was one of the iron-clad rules of the office, that any man who could not stand at least one bottle of Vernor's best before the evening resume of work, was a mollycoddle, and no mollycoddles would be tolerated for three days by Jerry Bedino. The new-comer did exactly the opposite: he positively refused to drink, on any provocation, stood aloof at the noon hour, and did not enter into conversation beyond a few monosyllables; though he proved himself a very good listener. Each time when the bottle was passed he declined—and it was obvious at once that he had violated the hospitality of the force, and to this day I can see the dark scowling face of the foreman, who was of French descent, leering at the foreigner, who apparently cared no more for Jerry's good-will than he did that of the office cat.

"However, things progressed thusly for several

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weeks, with no open hostility; for the new operator was certainly a lightning-artist on the machine, and the cleanness of his galleys brought radiant smiles upon the face of the proof-reader. He did not seem to mind the snubs of the printers in the least, but calmly pursued his daily routine with a *sang froid* characteristic of the Oriental.

“At that time I was a kid, eighteen years old or thereabouts; and to me the stranger was an enigma. I could not help admiring his genteel ways, his neatness of dress, and particularly the heavy seal rings, of which he wore three on his left forefinger. In addition to these, his waistcoat was ornamented with a chain of wonderful workmanship, carved from ivory, in a quaint Eastern pattern of intricate design.

“From the chain dangled a charm of the most delicate coral I had ever seen, and upon this trinket my attention was centered more than anything else. It was carved in the form of a heathen god, so perfect in execution that even the veins in the hands were distinguishable.

“Just like any other boy, as soon as we were acquainted, I began to question him about New York, and I learned what neither the boss nor others could, viz.: that New York was not his home at all; that he had only been there six years, and that he was by birth an Arabian of the desert, but had traveled pretty extensively over the continent—in fact, he told me, confidentially of course, enough to indicate that he was a man with a history—but when he offered to instruct me on the machine, I was simply delighted; thenceforth we were the best of friends.

THE SIGN OF THE MOGI.

"The *Sanscript* generally went to press at four o'clock in the morning, and the big rotaries usually turned out the whole edition in two hours, (barring accidents,) and it was customary for the printers to spend the few remaining hours till daylight very much as they chose; and many a tramp about the city's great underworld did we take. The Arabian told me his name was Massini, a word which would slide off the Creole tongue as easy and natural as a darky would slide off the levee. Together we visited the all-night dance-halls and cafés of Bienville and Iberville streets. Massini was a nervous person when on the street, and seemed to be continually on the alert, as though he suspected someone was following. He constantly turned to look over his shoulder. Furthermore, I noticed that when we went into a café, Massini always seated himself facing the door, even going so far as to ask an old gentleman (very courteously of course) to vacate a seat because of this. I was so young and inexperienced, that these peculiar doings did not bother me in the least—indeed if I noticed them at all I probably attributed them to the fact that Massini was an Oriental—and being an Oriental meant anything or everything radically different.

"This sort of life continued for four years; I was becoming an expert operator as well as a good compositor, and when Massini was absent or indisposed, as frequently happened, I could take his place at the machine without any shortcomings.

"One morning Massini failed to appear, and the boss was somewhat indignant; for the linotype had

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been bothering considerably of late, which was attributed, I suppose, to my inexperience in handling. The office-boy was dispatched post-haste to the cheap rooming-house where Massini claimed to be staying, away over in the poorer residence district. Nothing could be learned of Massini, and the garrulous landlady could recollect no such man among her list of boarders. The boy returned, after two hours' fruitless search, and the mystery thickened.

"All that day I fretted and fumed over the blankety-blanked bundle of springs, cams, levers and wheels, which wouldn't work at all, and at 5:00 p. m. gave up in despair. Coming back at the usual hour, I was surprised to find Massini at the keyboard, and still more surprised at his general appearance. His face was drawn, eyes sunken and shifty—taken altogether, his looks were those of a man in the last stages of general debility. Nerve, which he possessed usually in large quantities, had forsaken him completely, and his hand shook like an aspen.

"When I accosted him with my usual cordial greeting, he seemed not to hear, and all through the evening his remarks were limited to the merest commonplace. This change in his demeanor was not noticed by others, because no one but myself ever had anything to do with Massini. He finished his 'take' at 11:30 that evening, and hung about my case until I took the last item from the hook, whereat I was beginning to doubt his sanity—he looked so strange. I fancied I had seen the same look in the eyes of the hunted wolves up in my father's big woods, when we and the dogs had cornered them.

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"Thinking to cheer the fellow, I suggested we take a little whirl around the town to Navarro's theatre, where La Belle Mirzona was billed for the week, with her all-star troupe. After some time at Navarro's, we adjourned to the near-by café, and, as usual, Massini seated himself at a table in the extreme corner of the room opposite the door, and I likewise. Presently he seemed to warm up, under the aromatic influence of a Havana cigar, and I thought he smiled at one of my quips; but the smile faded so suddenly, it set me staring. Simultaneously his face blanched white, his eyes fairly popped from his head, and nervous tremors passed through his entire body, as he gazed at the entrance. Quickly I turned to learn the cause, and saw a heavy-set figure with cap drawn over his face, roughly dressed and with that peculiar rolling gait, such as I had noticed among the foreign sailors at the levees.

" 'Who is that man?' I asked. Massini had by this time regained his composure, and answered nonchalantly that he didn't know; but he had thought at first sight that the strange man was his long-lost brother, and that was why it frightened him so, he explained. After a while we made our exit, and went home: but I thought Massini's voice sounded queer when I bade him 'good-night,' and he grasped me convulsively by the hand, at 1:00 a. m., on the corner of Bienville.

"Next morning I arose early, and repaired toward the shop: because I had a little job which I wished to complete before the arrival of the boss. Passing around to the rear door, which we always left un-

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locked, I was surprised at the disturbed condition of the damp soil near the step. It looked as if a dozen men had engaged in a rough-and-tumble combat, and left their footprints. Here and there were little red spots, which I took to be red ink, but the funniest part of it all was, that the numerous tracks had all been made by just two pairs of shoes of vastly different make. One was the print of a common, light shoe, such as I myself wore; the other was made by a rather large stogy sole, but its shape was altogether different, being broad and rather wider at the toe than at the instep; and the bottom was studded with great hob-nails set in a peculiar zig-zag pattern. Where had I seen that identical pattern before? *Massini's watch-chain had the same motif exactly, and you can bet I was getting interested.*

"I passed into the composing-room, and, *Holy St. Patrick!* what a sight! Tied securely to the stool before the machine in a sitting posture was the body of Massini, entirely nude above the waist, and covered with blood which had congealed thereon; the head was lolled back as though looking at something above; the mouth was wide open, as also were the eyes, fixed with a stony, glassy stare. Blood was everywhere; on the machine, on the floor, and even the ceiling was bespattered. On the left temple of the corpse was carved a Maltese cross as neatly as you please; and both back and breast were mottled with strange devices like tattooing, worked out with a knife of razor-like sharpness; for the cuts were clean, and only extended through the skin.

"For several moments I was too horrified to move,

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and it required a gigantic effort to stop the clatter of my teeth; but my next impulse was obeyed explicitly, and I brought up breathless at the police station, not five rods distant, where I collapsed like an over-ripe pumpkin, but managed to give them an inkling.

"They lost no time in getting the ghastly thing to the morgue; and by this time the whole force had arrived. Of course I was the hero, and they plied me with questions galore; but I presume my answers were far from enlightening. The 'devil' was set at the task of cleaning up, while I glanced over the machine for the first time, and was surprised to find a few slugs had been run out 20 ems long, but the machine was jammed. I quickly tied up the metal, and proved it, and it read like this—(I lost the original proof through the offices of a compositor with sticky fingers some two years ago, but I have an exact duplicate of it now.)"

Twonik handed out a much-folded sheet of greasy paper, and the boys jostled each other to get a good view, while he continued:

"You will notice the disconnected characters at the beginning. Well, probably Massini had some trouble in getting the machine started, inasmuch as he was being forced to do it, and it is more than probable that he was weak from the loss of blood. Once started, the machine quickly moulded his death-warrant.

"Read it, Johnson."

Johnson adjusted his glasses, and read as follows:

THE SIGN OF THE MOGI.

xx xxx——awxts——XXxXxXxXxXtholsrde
——lnmbvfrsdfghKL

GREETING ? TO MY FELLOW WORKERS.

“I am not, as you suppose, an Italian, but I am a native of the Arabian deserts. The curse of the Mogi is upon my head, and I must die. Even now the executioner stands ready to give the finishing stroke.

“At the age of nineteen years, I came to Cairo, Egypt, where I joined the order of the Red Hand. I secured employment in the bazaar of Effendi Haidju. There I met the pretty daughter of a rich restauranter, and fell hopelessly into the net of her winning smiles and soulful eyes. But my love was not reciprocated, and one night I caught her in company with another young clerk, drinking gayly at a café; I nursed my jealousy, and watched. Soon I saw them leave the café; thence along the dark streets, I followed, with murder in my heart. I slew them both, with the trusty knife which is as silent as the foot of time.

“Her father was a member of the Mogi, and he has followed me relentlessly for twenty years. I came to New York disguised as a fruit-dealer, and hoped to escape the edict of the death-sentence, but in vain. You know the rest. *Farewell; I who am about to die, salute you.*”

Johnson handed back the paper with a subdued expression, and Twonik resumed his composition, while the stentorian tones of the boss could be heard from the front office bawling hoarsely: “Cut it out, you fellows in there, and get busy.”

A Reminiscence of Other Days.

TO the voyager who may for a day's outing betake himself down the Detroit river from the state's metropolis, and tarry among the islands studded like emeralds at the mouth of this broad stream, no regrets will be forthcoming if he should chance to visit Bois Blanc. This beautiful little island, lying on the border between His Majesty, King George's domains and the United States, cannot fail to interest the most prosaic on a mid-summer day, and especially the old block-house which has remained intact to be handed down as a priceless heirloom to such as are historically inclined.

'Tis a warm day in the month of August, and the broad deep river (Detroit) is gently ruffled by an ethereal breeze scarcely perceptible, yet amply sufficient to render the bosom of the water a sparkling mass of ripples, scintillating in the sun's rays not unlike a great diamond deftly set by a gigantic hand in the living green of a summer landscape.

My boat is newly painted, and the scorching heat of approaching midday seems to fry the oil and blister its white surface, while I slowly ply the oars, pausing occasionally to glance over my shoulder at the approaching steamer, "Milton D. Ward", bound for Toledo or Buffalo, with a party of jubilant pleasure-seekers. The "Ward" seems to be headed directly

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for my boat: but this fact does not frighten me in the least, as I know the ways of these river captains. Presently two short blasts of the deep-throated whistle admonish me that I must keep clear of the big craft, and so with a dozen sturdy strokes I pull aside while she scuds by with great commotion about her wheels, and the ripping hissing sounds of a sharp prow cutting the glassy swells, playing an accompaniment to the rush and roar of inside machinery. From the orchestra on the forward deck come sweetly across the water the stirring strains of "Blue Danube", growing fainter and fainter still as the steamer is hull-down on the blue waves of the open lake—rolling and tossing with an endless procession of white-capped swells. But I must hasten; already the noon hour is near at hand, and "Old Sol's" rays fall scarcely aslant of the green rows of rustling corn ashore, where the moist brown soil is being stirred by the cultivator, and occasionally I hear the broad vernacular of the farmer, as he guides his faithful horse back and forth—dreaming perhaps of golden harvests.

Pulling my boat upon the sandy beach, I secure the painter to the projecting root of a scraggly birch, and make my way toward the old time-scarred building which, in the early days of North-west Territory, was a bone of contention between the British soldiery and hostile Indian tribes, mostly Potawatomes and Miamis.

Notwithstanding the lapse of 150 years or thereabouts since its erection, the old block-house seems to-day as solid and substantial as when first com-

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pleted; so well-preserved are the "shakes" or split shingles upon the roof, that the hardest rains fail to penetrate. The walls are built of square-hewn logs, dovetailed together at the corners, presenting a very finished appearance; and the whole is surmounted by a hip-roof with a sort of cupola or lookout-window in the form of a double dormer. The foundation or first story is perhaps eight feet high; above this the second story projects over some three feet on all sides, and is probably ten feet high to the eaves. At a convenient height from the second floor, are loopholes between the logs—merely slits—to accommodate a gun-barrel, and extending entirely around the four sides, commanding every approach, and making a very defensive structure, considering the needs of those early days. Entering the bullet-scarred doorway, long since devoid of shutter, I mount a rude ladder to an upper room, thence to the lookout window. From this elevated position I have a broad view of Lake Erie; far down in the southeast quarter, a faint smudge on the horizon shows the path of some outbound barge; southeast by south, a rapidly-growing object with black hull and rakish masts indicates the approach of a steam-yacht. Seating myself on the rough sill of the opposite window, I fall into a brown study. 'Tis high noon; not long since the farmer must have turned out of the furrow and stabled his faithful horse; the monotonous humming of bees outside, mingled with the distant bellying of steamboat sirens, lulls me to drowsiness; I dream. * * * * I thought I was in the large room below; a roaring fire in the great fireplace

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seemed to light the room but feebly, and weird shadows were cast upon the walls by the sudden leaps of flame curling 'round the sturdy oak back-log, responsive to fitful blasts of Autumn winds which essayed to reach down the wide chimney with smoky arms, and grasp great handfuls of glowing sparks, hurling them pell-mell up its great throat.

The scene was enlivened by inmates of the room; red-coated British soldiery, great burly fellows, with tall caps and ruddy faces. Some lounged on the rough benches before the fire, smoking their pipes as calmly as though they were not besieged by a band of over five hundred Indians of the Ottawa tribe, under the leadership of the artful Pontiac; but such was the situation. Ever and anon in the pauses of the night-wind, could be heard the shrill cries of the war-dance. An Indian camp was located on the north end of the island, and all through the night the savage dance went on unceasingly; while from his perch in the lookout, genial Lieutenant O'Leary could discern occasional flickers of light like coals gleaming through the dense foliage; these were the council-fires of Pontiac.

Dimly through the mist of years, I saw that little besieged band as distinctly as I now see the trees and refreshing grass; I saw Captain McDonald for the fifth time refill his pipe and resume his seat by the fireside, after cautioning the Lieutenant to be watchful lest some redskin in the darkness outside should creep stealthily from the shadows of the surrounding trees and ignite the dry grass and weeds, which during the preceding summer had grown rank

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and tall about the little fort; for well they knew the treacherous nature of the foes.

"Mark well the stumps, Lieutenant, and see to it that none of them hare movable," were his final instructions to his second in command, as he descended the ladder for the fifth time.

The captain deftly raked a coal from the fire, placed it in his pipe, and resumed his narrative of Braddock's defeat, telling how with his own kerchief he had tried to bind up the ghastly wound in the General's side; how the bullets had cut the air about them like leaden rain, and well-nigh demoralized the whole army; how the ambush became a defeat and the defeat a rout:—throwing the responsibility entirely upon the broad shoulders of that husky young woodsman, Colonel George Washington, who had three horses shot and several holes in his coat before he gave the order to retreat.

"Yas sir, hinguns his something hi've seen ha good deal hof hin my day," he said, "but that little scrimmage with the pesky reds was habout the worst hi hever hexperienced, hand hi tell you men the sight hof hour poor fellows lying there hall mutilated hand bloody, hevery mother's son hof them minus 'is scalp, was hunnerving to say the least. Hevery tree by the roadside seemed to 'ide han hingun, hand those further back three or four. Mighty small has my love his for the Colonials, s'elp me Gawd, hi believe hi speak the truth when hi say that Braddock might 'ave been halive to-day (peace to 'is hashes), hif 'e 'ad taken the hadvice hof Colonel Washington."

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After delivering himself of the above rich cockney brogue, he lapsed into a moody silence, broken only by fierce pulls at his long pipe and the crackling in the fireplace. Presently again he hailed the lookout. "His hall well, Lieutenant?" "I am not sure" was the reply, and with a bound McDonald was beside him. "Captain, do you catch that shadow near the big stump there, and one over there and there?" said O'Leary, who was a well-bred young Irishman, with eyes as keen as an eagle's. McDonald watched the shadow for a full minute, and he fancied it moved. Both men held muskets on their knees; both took deliberate aim, and fired simultaneously. For the duration of three minutes, nothing but echoes woke the stillness. The wind had lulled; the expected death-cry did not come. O'Leary laughed rather sarcastically, while the soldiers crowded under the lookout and jocosely chaffed their officers for wasting powder.

Suddenly their merriment was interrupted by a pandemonium of yells which seemed to come from all quarters of the forest, blending into the prolonged war-whoop of the blood-thirsty Ottawa—and the long-expected battle was at last a reality. With some confusion, the men snatched muskets and powder-horns, rushing to their posts; but nothing could be seen through the narrow ports. The spiteful crack of rifles, followed by the dull thud of bullets burying themselves in the spongy logs, kept the garrison's nerves on a raw edge for perhaps two hours, then gradually died out; and all was quiet again save the dismal hoot of an owl somewhere in the

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trees outside. Taking stock of his casualties, Capt. McDonald found two of his men had been slightly pinked in the arms by half-spent bullets which had strayed through the ports; beyond that nothing of consequence.

The scene changed:—I thought 'twas early summer; the white man and Indian were at peace. Several red-coated Britishers were being entertained by a group of warriors playing ball some thirty yards from the block-house, while beside the door sat Captain McDonald: who occasionally addressed himself to his Chiefship, Pontiac, reclining on the bosom of mother earth, a few feet away, leisurely smoking.

Suddenly the ball was given an exceedingly hard rap, and soared high over the heads of the braves, coming right down at the captain's feet, who good-naturedly stooped to pick it up, not seeing the stealthy redskin who followed; but he did see the shadow of an outstretched arm on the ground—a fraction of a second too late.

With a sickening thud the tomahawk crashed into his brain. In the twinkling of an eye it seemed every Indian had armed himself with a tomahawk snatched from beneath his blanket. The astonished soldiers leaped to their feet, and tried to reach the door, but the Indians were too quick for them; they had already secured most of the muskets, which had been carelessly left inside. Seeing the fruitlessness of getting inside, the soldiers stampeded like frightened deer for the shore, where a boat was in waiting; again the Indians were forehanded—only two whites gaining the boat and pushing off pell mell,

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pursued by twenty bullets, which found the mark ere they had gone fifteen strokes.

Again the scene changed:—Far up the river I fancied I saw an approaching long-boat manned by British soldiers, the squad apparently in command of a fine-looking young officer, who stood in the bow shading his eyes with his hand against the blinding glare of the sun upon the water, and gazing anxiously at the wooded shores of Bois Blanc, but seeing no sign of life; a naked storm-beaten tree towered high above its fellows like some giant spectator of the tragedy which had been enacted. Soon the long-boat rounded a little point, and came in full view of the block-house. The officer hailed—sending his voice clear as a bell, but his cry broke on the still air like the sudden report of a musket, and the echoes were the only reply as they chased each other to and from the silent shores, and seemed to lose themselves at last in the high bluffs at the north end of the island. The door of the stockade gaped wide open, but no familiar form emerged from its portals. Strange conjectures were passing in the minds of the men, and each read in the others' faces forebodings of a calamity. As the boat's keel grated on the sands, they ascended the steep bluff to the block-house, and as the officer sprang nimbly through the underbrush, his toe caught on some obstacle, nearly tripping him down. Impatient at delay, he administered a spiteful kick—and a human skull was dislodged and rolled away down the hill!

The whole party were now standing in the open expanse: and what a sight met their eyes! At inter-

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vals of perhaps ten yards around a semi-circle farthest from the fort, large stakes were set deep in the ground—for a purpose; each stake bore a skeleton in various states of preservation—some blackened, others weather-beaten and glistening white in the summer sun, while the long-since charred and blackened embers told only too plainly how the victims met their fate at the hands of the treacherous Pontiac.

For some minutes the brave officer and his men, hardened though they were to scenes of carnage, could scarce restrain the scalding tears as they stood there with bowed heads; then every man's good right arm was upraised, and I caught their voices in unison, *"This murder shall be avenged, though it costs every drop of blood in our veins."*

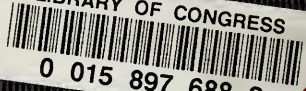
Then a misty light came over the scene, and it faded like a mirage. The spell is broken and I awake; the roaring whistle of a distant steamer fully recalls my senses. Surely my position is an uncomfortable one, and my head aches from contact with the rough sill. My watch indicates 7:15. Great Caesar, what a nap I have taken!

The red-hot sun is just touching the western horizon, as I launch the boat and pull far out on the rolling river, nightly watched by the soft radiant eye of Bois Blanc light.

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